YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ MAR. 5 1943
VOL. 1, NO. 37

By the men . . for the men in the service

PIGEONEERS

The war dog, Sir, assists two Pigeoneers, Pfc. Claude Sowden and Sgt. Rowland Frendo, in training pigeons for Army work in Hawaii. Sir will carry birds to a mountain post where they'll be released for flight home. *See pages 12 and 13.*

Exclusive Battle Sketches from Guadalcanal

BY YANK STAFF ARTIST SGT. HOWARD BRODIE. PAGES 2-3

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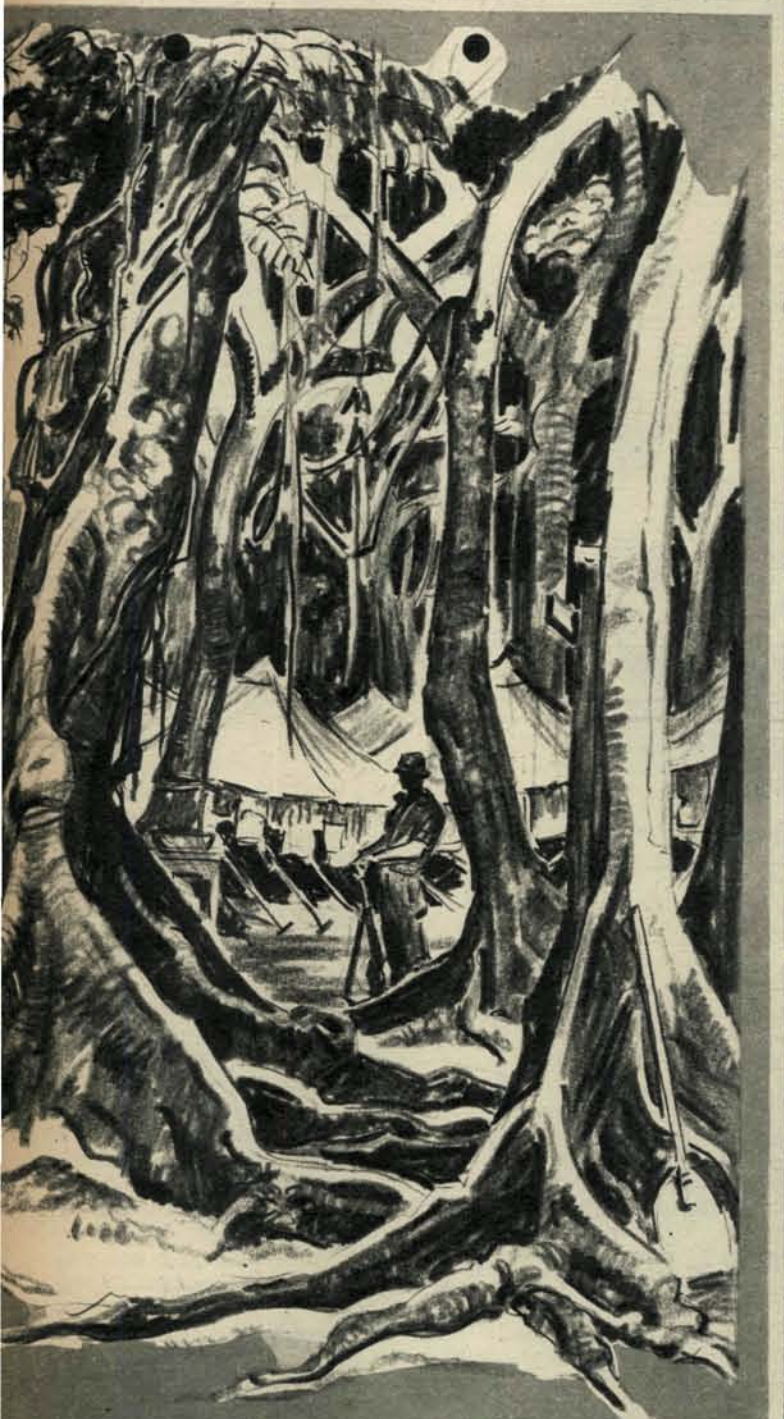
THESE PICTURES WERE SKETCHED UNDER FIRE

SGT. HOWARD BRODIE, the YANK staff artist who drew these sketches at the front in Guadalcanal, was fired upon by a Jap sniper while working on the picture at the right. Dodging bullets, Brodie threw himself into what he thought was a slit trench. You can imagine why the picture is such a mess.

"I drew this one at the infantry platoon command post on 'Bloody Knoll' where things were plenty hot."



"I believe I was bitten by every bug in the jungle while I was sketching this advance base bivouac area."

"Here are the engineers and the medics bringing the wounded down the Matanakau River after one of the battles."

"This is the way you can light a cigarette in a front line fox hole at night. Bend over and stick your head inside a sack or a fatigue jacket."

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JAP TERRAIN

[illegible] Guadalcanal, the little [illegible] were outnumbered, encircled, but they still refused to [illegible] without a death struggle.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

GUADALCANAL [Delayed]—The battalion's position ran along the crest of a ridge and off down into the jungle. It took three hours to reach them over the supply trail.

When they first gained the ridge and consolidated it, flights of B-17s flew low and dropped in supplies by parachute. There was no other way, until the men hacked the supply trail through along the Matanakau River, shouldered boxes of rations and ammunition, and struggled up on foot.

Coming up the trail, they followed the river where naked soldiers brought the wounded down in flat-bottomed boats to a collecting station. The men swam the boats down, pushing and pulling them over the rocky narrows, churning their legs like frogs to get through the deep, slow-moving pools.

Above the river, litter bearers fought their way down steep slopes, each bearer with another soldier helping him keep his balance holding him back. Cables stretching from the ridge to a ravine helped them over part of the way. Down a tangled cliffside they moved along a rope of vines, litter handles in one hand, rope in the other.

When the battalion moved up, they had put on the pressure. Planes came in and bombed the sector; artillery opened up and sent heavy stuff crashing into the Jap's jungle-held ground; mortars, with their tubes at high angles, tossed their stuff into the sun blazing almost overhead. Machine guns added their stutter to the roar.

Then the line companies hit.

Ray Flemm, of Freeport, Pa., cursed with every breath. His BAR was jamming. He fired a shot, stopped to clear the gun, then let go with another round.

Montez, the big Mexican, got one for sure. The Jap raised up right in front of him and Montez let him have it, point blank.

Leslie Kitay, of New Rochelle, N. Y., moved his light machine-gun squad up and was pinned down by Jap fire from the trees. Ray Boyce, of New Jersey, his gunner, didn't wait to be told what to do. He picked the gun up, tripod and all, and sprayed the trees. Kitay figured 14 Japs on that, but it was hard to be sure.

A mortar ammunition bearer, Dewitt Stewart, of Jamestown, Tenn., spotted a Jap machine gun and took a bead on the gunner before the guy had a chance to open up. He and rifleman Bob Brown, of Erwin, Pa., knocked off part of the crew, and then Stewart went back to toting mortar shells.

With the first shots, four more men bolted for the emplacement. Bill Harvey, of Clearfield, Pa.; Bill Edwards, of Durant, Okla., and Walter Chrzanowski, of Detroit, cleaned up what was left, and swung the gun in the other direction.

Platoon Sgt. Bill Cummings, of Winters, Tex., got on the trigger and Chrzanowski fed the clips. They shot every round of Jap ammo they could find, splattering the enemy with his own gun.

Harvey, Edwards and Chrzanowski were cooks, with no business on the line. They'd just gone along for the ride.

Four other guns got a Jap 77-mm field piece, set up to blast the battalion's position at short range. Roy Searcy, of Moultrie, Ga., spotted the gun and let out a yell. He and Sparky Adams, of Vernal, Utah, started working around it. Frank Sisk, of Harrisburg, Pa., with Chester Delaney, of Dalhart, Tex., followed them up.

When they were close enough, the four of them heaved grenades and then rushed it. There wasn't much left but the gun.

When they'd gone the limit on their drive, the men settled down to catch their breath and wait. They reorganized and posted outguards. The enemy was pocketed with no possible way for escape; everybody knew it. Even the Japs must have known it.

Then headquarters pulled a brand new trick out of the hat. A loudspeaker system was hauled up and set on the saddle of the ridge. The captain spoke first to our men on the line, telling them to hold fire. Then he switched to Japanese.

"Japanese soldiers, attention. . . . Escape is impossible and further resistance is useless and will only result in your complete annihilation. . . . We have no wish to kill you needlessly. . . . Cease further resistance and make an honorable surrender. . . . We have Japanese food and facilities for feeding you. . . . By bravely fighting until your case was hopeless you have fulfilled your obligation to your country and your Emperor. . . . Escape is impossible. . . . If you do not accept this offer, you will be subject to attack by artillery, mortar and planes greater than any of you have yet experienced. . . . Consider carefully before you sacrifice needlessly. . . ."

Infantrymen offered bets there would be no surrender. "Them little bastards won't give up—they're too damn ignorant." Men sat by fox holes, cleaning guns and breaking out chow. On the ridge coffee steamed over tiny fires.

It was dark within an hour. The infantry manned positions or fell asleep under shelter halves staked low on the muddy ground. Tomorrow would bring the showdown.

Occasionally, from other ridges and other positions, shots popped and echoed with a hollow sound in the ravines. A mortar blasted from time to time, and now and then came the sharp, fast chatter of a Jap automatic weapon. From out of nowhere ricochets whined overhead. Once or

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twice red rockets from Very pistols sailed skyward, fire signals from an OP.

At dawn, signal men moved the PA system to another ridge overlooking the Jap positions and the captain spoke again. A parachute, its white silk shiny against the mud, was placed on a bush in plain view. The captain called on the officers below to give up and call it quits:

"We will give you an hour to talk this over; at the end of that time, have one or two officers proceed to the point where this broadcast is coming from. They must come unarmed and identified by a flag of truce. You have nothing to fear."

No dice. At the end of an hour, he tried again. Still no white flag.

"All right," said the infantrymen, "if that's what they want that's what they'll damn well get." But before the bayonet there was to be one last belting from the mortars.

"Fire When Ready"; Japs Catch Hell

Men on the line pulled back and at the OP, Bucky Walters, captain of the weapons company, spoke into the lower phone.

"Right gun only. . . ."

Bill Schumacher, platoon commander of La Valle, Wis., received the command and relayed it to his guns. Other positions, under other commands, prepared to join in.

"Base stake . . . deflection zero . . . range 375 . . . shell HE light. . . ." The commands were repeated by the crew. "Fire when ready."

On the right gun, men were working from the first fire order: Wesley Cameron, of Hillsboro, Oreg., on the sight; Bill Adamick, of Houston, Tex., waiting to drop in the shell; Ray Conley, Erie, Pa., and Ariel Lanzone, Clinton, Ind., tearing open the boxes and sliding out the yellow painted HE projectiles.

Adamick dropped the first shell in, and with a queer metallic clang the right gun went into action. Cpl. Wilbur Bye of Portland, Oreg., stood by and checked his crew.

The left gun took it up. Down in their holes on the other side of the ridge, the Japs were catching hell.

Then it was over and the infantry went down again.

This time they staggered back loaded with souvenirs. American-made watches, a razor manufactured in Geneva, N. Y., a celluloid-backed souvenir scrapbook from Danbury, Conn. They brought back sabers and rifles and flags and bayonets by the dozen. Father T. P. Finnegan, of Norwich, Conn., the outfit's sandy-haired padre, came back with a fan, ivory handled and decorated by the rising sun, and the picture of a Japanese bathing beauty.

Leland Cagwin, of Carbondale, Pa., company commander, brought in the first prisoner. He and Tom Walker, of Quincy, Mass., flushed him out of a dugout.

Soldiers swarmed around the little guy, a corporal. They fed him and he wolfed down a can of beans and candy. He said he hadn't eaten in seven days. He was emaciated and dirty beyond description.

Eleven others, in a horrible state of filth, sickness and hunger, were laid out side by side to await removal to the rear. They were sorry, utterly beaten little men.

Decide to Die, No Matter What

But the effectives weren't all like that, and the soldiers knew it.

The men asked questions and passed out cigarettes and food. The Japs, some sitting, some sprawled on the ground, moved their heads in silent bows.

The little corporal said there were two officers and about 100 men left. Like himself, they hadn't eaten in a week. The Japs, the corporal said, were afraid to come out. They'd heard the broadcast but the officers had decided they would die no matter what course they took.

Night came again, and the men used empty mortar-shell boxes to light small fires for coffee and hash.

Daylight and the artillery let fly again. For two and a half hours, the ravine below rocked and shuddered under a hell of fire. Black smoke gathered and hung like mist over the tops of splintered jungle trees, and the ridge quivered under foot as screaming projectiles hurtled into the ground.

Then the artillery quieted, the infantry went in again—this time for keeps.

At this bleak Andreanof Island base new G.I. arrivals file up both sides of a muddy road.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

VOYAGE TO THE ANDREANOFS

The Tub sailed 23 days through storms, quakes and Jap subs.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AT AN ADVANCED ANDREANOF ISLAND BASE—All we knew was that we were reinforcements for an island somewhere to the west. Snatched from our cozy, double-storied, centrally-heated barracks, we were herded—A bag, B bag, rucksack and stub-necked shovel—aboard a former Alaska Packer freighter. We immediately dubbed it *The Tub*.

Even the skipper, Capt. James B. Downing, agreed that *The Tub* was better suited for a fish-canning enterprise than an Army transport. It had triple-tiered bunks in which you had to imagine headroom; and there were automatic blackout safety lights in the latrine. They went out every time someone came in the door. Chow lines were two-hour affairs.

Mess Sgt. Farrar, former Blytheville (Ark.), newspaperman, had trouble keeping a full complement of KPs. Every lurch of the ship took a few more guys out of the mess hall.

But there's nothing like the sub-Arctic waters of the Aleutian Chain, with a 70-mile gale batting around! We hit them in about a week.

First, needlepoint snow fogged out our view of other ships in the convoy. Frost began crusting the inside rim of the hatches. Clerks, in "Headquarters Hatch," where they bedded down at night in sleepsacks, watched their breath vaporize like cigarette smoke before their faces.

Seventy-three times a minute the ship's engines chugged. But they were beating their cylinder heads against an evasive wall of waves. Every mounting swell flung the propeller high out of the water. And each time the screw spun viciously in midair, the hull of *The Tub* vibrated the way you do when the dentist hits a nerve.

The speed was 10 knots: five up, three down, two forward.

In the mess hall, sudden lunges sent men sprawling like pins in a bowling alley. Topheavy with the balsa brassieres they wore for life preservers, the men scrambled on hands and knees among crashing pots and kettles in a mire of butter, sugar and condensed milk.

A 75-mile-per-hour wind sprayed *The Tub* with a buckshot of rain and waves. Then gradually the sleety barrage slackened into tapioca snow, and someone sighted land off the port bow. A few hours later we were peering over the rail, trying to pick out bomb craters in the hills which huddle around Dutch Harbor.

Our hopes for a chance to get ashore were squelched by a bulletin which read: "No passengers or troops will be given leave to go ashore until further notice. By order of the transport surgeon."

Two cases of mumps aboard! One case of measles!

That evening at chow the ship's sergeant major burst into Headquarters Hatch. "Tell all the first sergeants to tell all the men to sleep full pack tonight," he said. "We may see a little yellow flesh tomorrow."

Then he gave full sea alert instructions.

Tin hats and life preservers. Double the guard on the hatchways. Nobody above deck except the ship's crew, 37-mm artillerymen and machine gunners, Navy gunners and signalmen. If you have to abandon ship for the small boats, leave your rifle or you'll be bashing each other's teeth out. If anybody gets panicky and tries to break for the deck, knock him on his can.

Sgt. Steve Rocco, of Detroit, piped up, "Ten to one we don't see a Jap." It was exactly six months since the Japs had dropped bombs on this harbor.

At 6:30 A. M., alert bells broke us from our bunks, fully dressed except for shoes. But it was a dry run. You'd think the guys would have been relieved, but they weren't. They were disappointed.

However, the station hospital surgeon decided that quarantine was no longer necessary. Over the side we climbed to slog through muddy snow, for cold showers and an hour of buying candy, cigarettes and ice cream sundaes at the PX.

For most of the boys, it was their last look at

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Detachment, Special Service, War Department, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y. Copyright, 1943, in the U. S. A. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, New York under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in U. S. A.

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a frame building for many months to come. A few took in a movie at a special performance in the post theater.

Beyond that, the only events to break the monotony until we landed at our destination were an earthquake and a submarine contact.

The earthquake struck at 12:20 P. M., at the height of noonday chow. *The Tub*, lying at anchor, shook like a rag in a pup's mouth. The first G.I. theory was that we had been struck by a torpedo that didn't explode.

Forty-eight hours later a torpedo would have been more like it. Crew and troops of *The Tub*, and accompanying vessels, were snapped to alert by a submarine contact. While a Navy destroyer cruised over the suspected area, spilling "ash cans" into its wake, Navy gunners swiveled their four-inch 50 tentatively, and the helmeted men on the 37s looked grim.

Because the sub didn't come up, we figured it went down. The convoy didn't loiter in the area to check the result.

Twenty-three days later our island slid into view. By nightfall, sweating under full field pack, we were trudging sightlessly through eight inches of snow over treeless hills toward a barren lake shore which was to be our camp area. An entire detachment of us, marching in the night, made no more noise than a pair of asthmatic horses stomping in a manure-sogged stable.

At last, exhausted, we collapsed into the white-swathed lap of the hillside. Officers and enlisted men exchanged cigarettes and bitter cracks about the bleak panorama. Someone in the outfit with a portable battery radio flipped the switch, and we lounged in the damp snow for a few minutes listening to a recording of Alvino Rey and the King Sisters from KPO in San Francisco.

A quarter of an hour later we were bivouacked, some in shelter halves, the rest in sleeping bags.

Somewhere in the darkness a voice, bleeding with longing, called out: "Geez, it was comfortable on *The Tub!*"

He's An Awfully Nice Guy But He Likes to Play With Dynamite

SOMEWHERE ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT [By Radio] —He has the face of a cherub and the habits of an anarchist.

He recites Chaucer in a gentle voice and then concocts infernal machines that blow people up into very small pieces.

He discusses Old World philosophy over tea while all the time he's thinking of dynamite, TNT, pieric and other deadly explosives.

Says he, explaining himself, "I just love to see them go off."

Step up and meet this charming gentleman, but be careful when you shake hands with him because you may carry off a detonator concealed beneath your thumb which will ignite a small bomb in your pocket when you sit down. He dotes on little intimate jokes like that.

He's an English captain, and a demolition expert — the demolition expert of the British Royal Engineers. Just now he's on loan to Col. Edson Raff, of the Paratroopers, as liaison officer.

Col. Raff called him his most valuable assistant during the Tunisian campaign.

"But the hardest job is holding him down," the colonel said. "He'd like to plant booby traps over a 10-mile stretch and blow up half the Italian Army. He'd probably succeed but he's too important to take such chances."

The captain became a practical joker early in life. His first success, he recalls, was at the expense of a piano virtuoso who was about to give a recital. The youth detuned the piano and the first chord the great artist struck was really something to hear.

From there his advancement was rapid. He studied at Oxford and trained in city planning. With the war threatening he decided to employ his talents where they'd do the most good. He studied explosives, and his knowledge paid him immediate dividends during the invasion of North Africa.

A 500-kilogram bomb was holding up some Allied troops in a small Algerian town. The time mechanism was ticking away like it was crazy. The captain and his squad of sappers worked on the bomb for four hours before they were successful in neutralizing it.

For that the captain received the *Legion d'Honneur*, was awarded the town's finest cognac and champagne, and was given two terrific kisses by the mayor.

His biggest thrill comes from improvising booby traps which raise holy hell with trusting enemy patrols. One banner afternoon he fashioned a trap which blew up six Italians.

His only regret is that he's unable to hang around and see what he calls "the fun."

Despite nightly air raids, he dug himself a fox hole in an exposed field. Unable to find sandbags for protection against the wind and shrapnel, he put boxes of high explosives around the top and slept like a baby.

Told some Germans were mining a mountain pass, he donned a *bernous*—a big cape—and set forth with two natives. Five hundred yards away from the Germans, they sat down and watched. When the work was nearly finished, he yanked a tommy-gun from beneath his cape and opened up. The Germans fled. He took the mine and blew up the pass the way he'd wanted to in the first place.

"If the Germans expect me to use their stuff," he said, "they should have good mines."

The captain speaks French, German, English and "broken American." He has had several embarrassing moments with American sentries. One night the pass word was "Heigh Ho Silver," and the response was "Away." The captain's reply was "Tally Ho."

Once he didn't know the pass word at all, and argued with the sentry in his best Oxford manner. The sentry put him under guard and reported to the commanding officer, "There's a queer guy outside speaking in broken American."

He has been training a couple of American soldiers to be demolition assistants.

One trouble with them, he explains, is that they take too many chances.

A sergeant from Roswell, Ga., for instance, is a bit impetuous. Recently he tripped over a rock and set off his own mine, losing part of his ear as a result.

"There's no sense in running risks," concluded Col. Raff's right-hand man. "You can't play fast and loose with explosives."

—Sgt. JAMES BURCHARD
YANK Staff Correspondent

Army Nurses in New Guinea Can Take It

These American nurses with the sunny smiles are standing in an air-raid shelter in New Guinea.

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—The show was over and the Yank was picking his way through the brush towards a line of trucks. Suddenly he heard something that almost made him stumble into a slit trench. It wasn't much, just two words, in fact—but it was a woman's voice; more than that, an American woman's voice. Who else could say, "Oh yeah!" just like that?

That was the beginning. Now the band of courageous U.S. Army nurses is well established in New Guinea. There is some suspicion, probably unfounded, that the hospitalization rate jumped considerably when they arrived.

For the boys who haven't seen hide or hair of a white woman in more months than they like to think about, it is quite an experience. One G.I. said, "At first you're kind of tongue-tied and embarrassed, but after a couple of days you get so you can talk to 'em natural like."

On guy tells this story: A pretty young thing in his ward was shooting the breeze with him, and happened to ask him how long he'd been in the jungle. When he told her seven months, she exclaimed, "Oh, you're one of them!"

When he asked her what she meant, she explained, "Well, you see, they didn't want to let us come up here at first, because they said there were men who'd been in the jungle so long it wouldn't be safe."

A major told the patients in one ward that if he heard any cussing while the nurses were around, it would be just too bad. Very shortly afterwards one of the boys let something slip. It wasn't much, but the major heard it and told the nurse on duty that she could take a little time off. She blushed, knowing what was coming, and left. When she returned after the major had finished brushing off the culprit, she looked over the tent and said, "Gosh, fellas, I'm sorry you caught hell!"

—Cpl. RALPH L. BOYCE

In Next Week's YANK . . .

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When You Get the Yen to Trade, Pal, Obey These 10 Commandments

CENTRAL AFRICA — Johnny Doughboy is the world's most persistent collector of souvenirs.

By the time he comes marching home, he will have the damndest collection you ever saw of ivory carvings, rings, skins and, from what we hear from 'way down under—women.

To fit him for this energetic pastime, he has had the equivalent of 13 weeks basic training.

Before he was AIAd this was enough. But now that his position in life has changed, he needs a little advanced training in the art of trading.

The following rules of procedure are recommended by those who have already run afoul of local manners and customs. In case you're of a trading disposition, read them and heed:

1) Walk up to the trader in a nonchalant manner.

2) Greet him in his native lingo if possible. This goes over big.

3) Look over his wares. Don't appear too anxious when you see that necklace or other item you like.

4) Ask him how much.

5) You will notice that immediately his face will cloud over with a very pathetic look. Brother, don't be fooled. This is darned good acting. Hollywood would sign him up in a minute. He names his price.

6) Now it's your turn to utter a loud howl of disapproval. The louder the better. Throw up your arms. "Too much." "No good." "Nuts." It's your turn to act now and, boy, go to town.

7) Turn away disinterested. But don't worry; you haven't lost that beautiful necklace you want to get for your Betty back home. Not yet, by a long shot.

8) See what we told you? Here comes the trader running after you. He loves you like a brother. He wants to start all over again. Another price? No, not so good. At this stage of the game, the bickering really gets down to business. The price goes back and forth. You gain a coin, you lose one. You think this fellow is good? He ought to be back on South Maxwell Street in Chicago.

9) Look over the article again. Point out all the defects you can find or make up. This tends to break down any affection the guy might have had for his masterpiece. If you speak his lingo spring a joke on him. He loves to laugh.

10) Now, if you have followed the foregoing rules, you are ready to make a killing. The last price is given and you accept. The trader puts out his greatest effort to make you relent. You don't. He tells you you are ruining him. You stand fast. You are a hard man.

So you win. You have bested the trader in this little game of skill. Your chest inflates a little. Betty will be happy. She'll get her necklace, and maybe even throw over that guy she's running around with back in the States. You grin as you walk away. Boy, did I make a killing! I got it for a third of what he asked me.

Yeah—you made a killing. Behind your back, the trader is grinning, too. He is fingering his new coins. He is eight something or other ahead on the deal. But what do you care?

All you got to do now is figure some way to get all that junk you collect back home. Maybe they should issue a third barracks bag, just for souvenirs.

—Pvt. KEN ABBOTT
YANK Field Correspondent

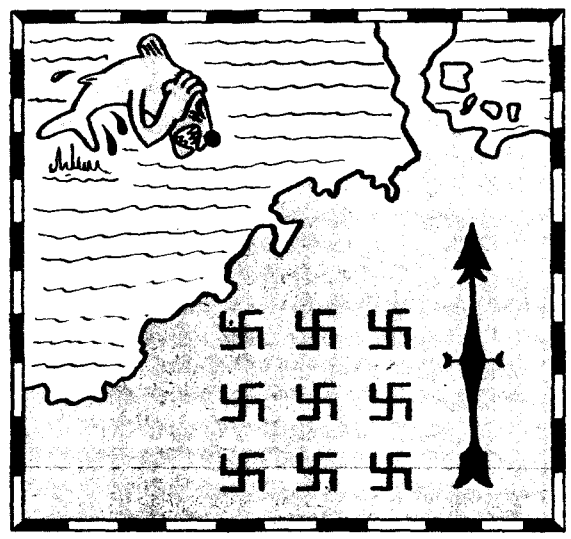
TARGET for Tonight

Calling all dodos!

On the map below are shown the nine objectives for tonight's bombing flight.

Can you map out a course that will cover all of them in *exactly four straight lines?*

In other words, can you connect the nine swastikas using only four straight lines, without removing your pencil from the map? *(Solution on page 22.)*



If Your Gal's Father Interferes, Don't Argue; Poke Him in the Eye

SOMEWHERE IN PUERTO RICO—At one of the large camps on this island, native soldiers in one of the crack Puerto Rican infantry outfits are telling each other about the local sugar farmer who objected to the attentions that their sergeant was paying to one of his daughters. It seems that the farmer called on the regimental chaplain and left word that if the sergeant didn't keep away from his house, he would be killed.

Naturally, the chaplain passed the warning along to the sergeant. The next day the chaplain received a frantic telephone call from the girl's father.

"Why did you tell that soldier what I said?" he moaned. "He came over here last night to see my daughter and blackened both my eyes."

—Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Correspondent

G.I. JOE by Sgt. Dave Breger

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A Yank Tail Gunner in RCAF Tells of a Bombing Raid on Turin

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND [By Wireless] — "I didn't fire a shot," Sgt. Carl Keller said, "but I sure had a front seat on that last raid over Turin."

A little guy who looks very smart in his dusty blue RCAF uniform, he wanted action and couldn't wait for the U. S. to declare war. He joined the Royal Canadian Air Force early in 1941, and within a month after leaving Long Beach, Calif., got into the fight. His size made him a tail gunner in a Halifax, carrying an all-sergeant crew.

"My crew's the best bunch in the air," he said. "They're really hot stuff. Art Grant, the hockey star from Winnipeg, is the pilot; Chick Fowell, the mid-upper gunner is a kid of 19; we call Mark Loage, the wireless aerial gunner, 'Wag.' Swifty Church navigates the crate; Pat Kelly drops the eggs and Ricky Steniferds is the flight engineer.

"We got called into the briefing room and were told that we might meet heavy flak and fighter planes.

"The sky was clear when we loaded the old girl at dusk with the biggest eggs you ever saw, plus incendiaries. We knew exactly where we were going. I scrambled back to my spot with Sadie, which is what I call my center gun.

"It seemed a helluva way over there. By my watch, it was four hours. Then suddenly I heard Chick's gun chattering. When it went quiet again I figured he had knocked himself down a Jerry, but I kept my finger on Sadie's trigger nevertheless. I hoped that Chick had slipped and would give me a crack, but nothing happened. As the old girl roared along I could see nothing but a long dark slot, and I wondered where we were.

"When Swifty Church and Pat Kelly started arguing about pin-points I knew we had arrived. The sky was heavy with flak and we were the target. I heard something that sounded like someone ripping an old paper bag. Holes appeared in the fuselage next to my left arm. Someone was doing all right with ack-ack. Art nosed the plane up, circled and levelled off.

"In about 10 minutes fires sprang up below me and made me feel like an old Greek god sitting on the mountain. A great sheet of flame spouted and spread. It looked like a circus at night.

"The city which looked like it was hiding in shadows was jerked into bright relief when Pat dropped the big egg. I knew it was right on the target the way the flame licked out. It seemed that the whole city was on fire. I just sat and watched. It was a beautiful sight. I didn't have to lift my hand, yet I was part of a bunch that was really raising hell.

"The gang started singing 'Stomping at the Savoy.' We dropped our load and headed back. We knew Turin would never be the same again.

"I've been on 11 operations but when the plane sat down at the base, I felt that this raid was our best. I climbed out of the ship, and saw the damage the flak had done. There was a hole as big as my head four inches from where I sat."

Sgt. Keller slid his field cap at a cocky angle. "That's it, kid. Tales of Turin. See you at Hamburg."

—Sgt. JACK SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

In New Caledonia, Anzac and Yank look over each other's rifles, Garand and Enfield.

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Sherdon *Thomas* *Beaderstadt*

Pfc. John S. Sherdon was a bartender at an AAF officers' club before prohibition. To Pvt. Joe Ruppert of N. Y. C., he says: "I hear you're overseas. Write me at APO 634, N. Y." . . . **Pvt. Chester Thomas,** England, has a brother, Cpl. Weslie Thomas, somewhere in the Pacific who hasn't written for four years. He tells him: "Break down and write to me. Don't be a heel all your life." . . . **Sgt. Ted Beaderstadt** is an operations clerk for the AAF in Alaska. He wants to make a date with Pvt. Frank Cook, who is soldiering in Australia: "Meet me at the Brown Jug six months and one day after the duration."

O'Connor *Ferrara* *McCrory*

Pvt. John O'Connor wants to pass this on to his pal, Pvt. David Hicks, a blisterfoot, whereabouts unknown: "If you're anywhere near the Japs give 'em some extra hell from me. Write me at APO 887, N. Y." . . . **Pfc. Robert J. Ferrara,** from an Army base in the Pacific, sends a message to Pvt. Lawrence Kane of Keesler Field, Miss.: "I've heard from Kay and she wants to hear from you. She's still single, by the way." . . . **T/5 William McCrory,** a switchboard operator in his South Pacific base, sends a message to his brother, Elbert who joined the Navy recently: "Good luck, Elbert. Look me up when you're down this way."

McKenney *Deal* *Altheimer*

Pfd. (Private For Duration) Lester F. McKenney, is winding up two years of Army life at an Andreanof Island outpost. To his kid brother, Charles M. McKenney at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center, he says: "Just letting the Japs homestead on Kiska until we get our other brother, Ernest, in the Air corps." . . . **Sgt. Manford Deal** is a gunner with the AAF in Britain and in good shape from the tone of his message to Ron and Mur, his two brothers in the Coast Guards: "I've been in the Army one year today—will bump off Hitler to celebrate the anniversary." . . . **Pvt. Fred Altheimer,** with the Air Force in England, to his pal in the Navy, Julius Krubiner: "Why not write me? For all I know you may be an admiral by now."

Rakevich *Bollinger* *Farina*

Pfc. John Rakevich will warn his brothers, Pete and Paul, who have just made private, about the Army if they will drop him a line at his Pacific base. Meanwhile he is worrying because his girl, Emily, is becoming a nurse and will rate a salute when he gets back. . . . **Marjorie Ann Bollinger,** age 7 months, sent "Glub" to her old man, 1st Lt. Charles R. Bollinger, stationed in England. Her uncle, **Cpl. William J. McKenna,** conveys a similar message from his next of kin back home. . . . **Cpl. Jack Farina** of Orange, Conn., now in the South Pacific, hasn't seen a woman, black, brown or beige, for over a year. He hopes Cpl. Anthony Greco, who lived across the street in Orange, has had better luck in the Coast Artillery.

"**Pfc. George W. Huffman;** Lost your address. Please write again."—**S/Sgt. Lawrence E. Wheeler,** Hq. and Hq. Sqdn., AAF Basic Trng. No. 8, Fresno, Calif. . . . "**Ed Woodhead** of Geiger Field and Hollywood: My compliments on your article in *Esquire*. My girl made five points more than yours, though. Gable will sink in oblivion when you hit Miami."—**Lt. Martin J. Rosenkranz,** Co. B, OCS, Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyo. . . . **Pfc. Herbert Greenwald,** Det. 16th Sig. Serv. Co., Camp Pickett, Va., wants to hear from old members of the Signal Corps Replacement Trng. Center, **Fort Monmouth,** N. J. . . . **Pvt. Otto Parzyjegla,** communicate immediately with A. Nicole, 38 E. 58th St., N. Y. C. . . . **Sgt. George Gottlieb** and **Pvt. Martin Rabhan** please write to **Pvt. Irving Solomon,** 633rd, TSS, Flight B 18-11-1, Gulfport Field, Miss. . . . "**CPO Albert J. Styler,** I would like to hear from you. Any other promotions yet?"—**Pvt. Emil S. Miller,** 498th Armd. FA., B Btry., 13th Armd. Div., APO 263, Camp Beale, Calif. . . . **H. W. Gettings,** RM3c, Naval Air Station, Banana River, Fla., wants to get in touch with **Leo Davies,** inducted at Bremerton, Wash., 18 months ago. . . . **Cpl. Samuel Weinstock,** 78th MP Bn., Co. A, Fort Custer, Mich., wants to hear from **Pvt. Milton Gutin** of the 205th QM Bn. Augusta, Ga., now overseas. . . . **Sgt. Arthur M. Kurlansky,** 908th BFTS., Greenville, Miss., would like to hear from **Arthur S. Fisher,** who left the 8th Ferry Command at Nashville, Tenn., for gunnery school. . . . **1st Sgt. Ernest J. Grimon,** Med. Dept., Selman Field, Monroe, La., would like to hear from friends who were at the Station Hospital, Fort Hancock, N. Y., from 1937-40. . . . Will **Pfc. Edmund Braezinski** send his address to **Sgt. W. H. Daniel,** Serv. 1st 187th FA, Fort Ethan Allan, Vt. . . . **Sgt. William Hagedorn** from New Ulm, Minn., now at an air base in India, write to **Pvt. Arthur J. Lund,** APO 957, c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif. . . . **Pvt. J. S. Vazalis,** Co. E, 1303 SU, Camp Lee, Va., wants mail from his brother whom he hasn't seen for six years. . . . **Sgt. Calvin L. Markham,** 19th Bomber Sqdn. Gr. (M), APO 922, c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif., wants **Bob Garrison** and **Arthur Jones,** both Marines in the Solomons, to write. . . . "**Sgt. Bob J. Roberts,** let's get on the ball and start writing again."—**Cpl. Jack C. Bullman,** 7th Base Hq. and Air Base Sqdn., T-2, Dow Field, Bangor, Maine.

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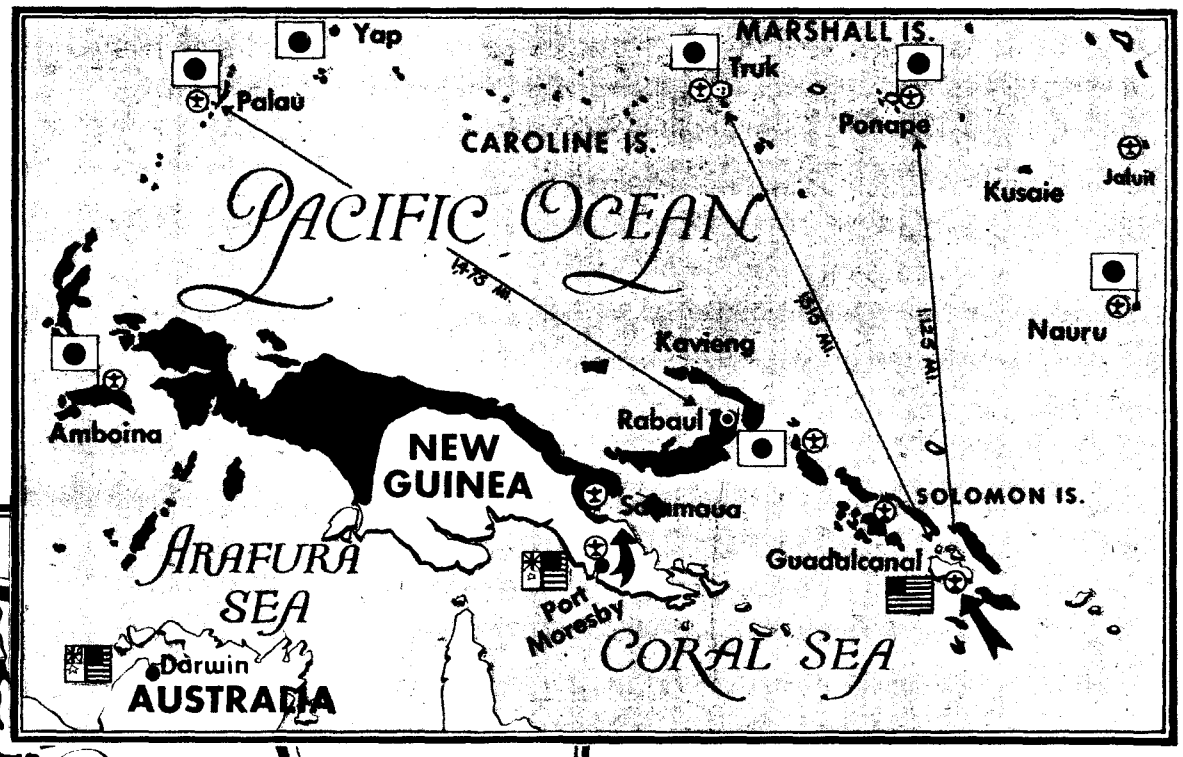
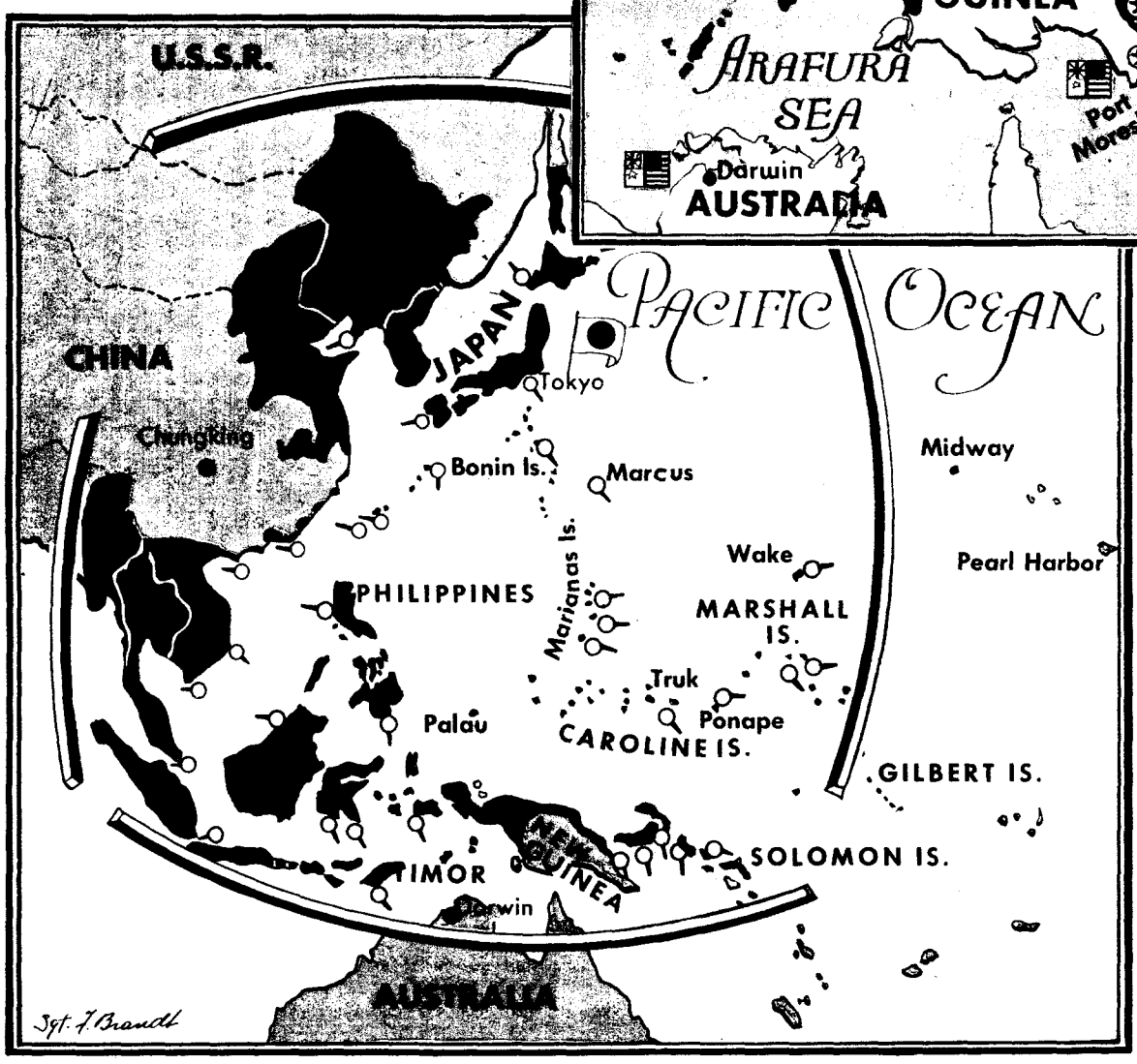
What Comes Next in the Pacific?

The Japs have lost Guadalcanal but they still hold a lot of other islands between there and Tokyo.





Japs were boxed in (see map, left) by Pacific on the east, Russian neutrality on the north, the Burma grab west of China, and the island bases in the south. Then the Allies started moving in (see map, above).

EVENTS of great military importance once again have brought home the fact that we are fighting a global war with many fronts scattered over a world-wide battlefield.

The Russians drove the Germans out of Rostov and Voroshilovgrad, and halfway around the world the Japs withdrew from Guadalcanal.

With the fateful ring of steel forging around Hitler's besieged European fortress, Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt, in speeches before the House of Commons and the White House Correspondents Association, told of Allied plans to crush Japan.

"Great and decisive actions against the Japanese will be taken to drive the invader from the soil of China," the President said. "Yes, important actions are going to be taken in the skies over China—and over the skies of Japan itself. . . . Remember, there are many roads that lead right to Tokyo and we're not going to neglect any of them."

Declared the Prime Minister: "We have to make the enemy burn and bleed in the same way as he has been made to burn and bleed along the vast front from the White Sea to the Black Sea. . . . No vestige of Nazi or Fascist power, no prestige of the Japanese war-plotting machine will be left by us when the work is done, as done it certainly will be."

With the collapse of the enemy on Guadalcanal, there were reported Jap losses of 40,000 troops, 1,100 planes and 72 ships since Aug. 7, 1942, when the campaign started. But there was no letting up by the Allies. In New Guinea hard drives were being made against the Japs at Salamaua and Lae. At Wau, jungle hell perched on a hillside 4,500 feet above sea level and 35 miles from Salamaua, the enemy was badly beaten. Here the biggest single-day air battle of the Southwest Pacific took place. Forty-one enemy planes were destroyed without the loss of a single Allied plane.

All these moves had a definite pattern. If the enemy could be knocked out of northern New Guinea as well as Guadalcanal, the Allies could strike at Rabaul, the Japs' main operating base, from two directions. But taking Rabaul would be no simple job. A natural fortress, supplied from Truk, it has been called the Japanese Singapore. In its landlocked harbor a fleet can anchor, protected by a narrow gateway that can easily be mined. Back of the harbor is a made-to-order airfield, surrounded by jutting heights where heavy artillery and antiaircraft guns have been placed.

From Rabaul the Japs send planes, ships and men to strike at the Solomons and the approaches to Australia. As ousting the Japs out of Guadalcanal was a necessary preliminary to defeating the enemy in the Southwest Pacific, so is the conquest of Rabaul.

With Rabaul out of the way, the Allies could concentrate on the great Jap bases of Truk, Palau, Kusaie, Ponape and Jaluit. These islands stretch 3000 miles across the center of the Pacific and are a screen of strategic forts, airfields and naval bases. They are easily defended, Truk reported to be more heavily fortified than Pearl Harbor. However, they are all that stand between the Allies and Japan itself.

Japan must fight on a front 3,000 miles away to keep the enemy from her front door. That is why she fights so hard to win the battle of the South Pacific. Her goal, at the outset of the war, was to knock all the military bases of the Western Powers out of the Pacific and the Far East. By doing this she cut Allied communication lines and forced the fighting far from the vulnerable Japanese Islands proper.

This was smart strategy as far as it went. It gave Japan an excellent defensive position. She knew she was protected on the north by the neutrality of Russia; on the west China was no immediate threat with Burma in the hands of the Japanese; the wide expanse of ocean to the east made direct invasion by the U. S. at that time tough and impractical; the Japs' quick thrust to the south gave them their great arc of air and naval base superiority.

But this strategy didn't go far enough. Unlike Germany, Japan was unable to strike at the vital centers of any of the Western Powers. Germany either crushed her enemies—as in Poland and France—or pounded against their vital centers, as in England and Russia. Japan could only fight around the fringes of her foes. Not once did she even threaten the vital centers of U. S. or Britain.

This was why the Allied losses in the South Pacific, no matter how great, were not decisive in the long run.

Furthermore Japan's technique of island-hopping works two ways. The island bases could also be used as a bridge for making attack upon Japan. It is just as possible for the Allies to go up the island stepping stones, as it was for Japan to come down.

The waters to the north and west of Australia are still trouble spots. But with the Japs driven out of southeastern New Guinea by Gen. MacArthur's forces, Port Moresby could now be used by the Allies to better advantage. The harbor can accommodate a good-sized fleet and its strategic position relative to the Solomons, the Bismarck Archipelago, Timor and northern Australia, is good. With U. S. air superiority established, large scale operations could be readily undertaken against any Japanese movement through the Arafura Sea.

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NEWS FROM HOME

Skimming the Week on the Home Front

Their war course chartered by the Lincoln Day address of Helmsman Franklin D. Roosevelt, Americans on the home front rolled up their sleeves and started tackling two tough jobs.

Some of them—millions of them—went back into the mills and the plants and the arsenals all over the country to start fighting again the battle of production. To help them along, President Roosevelt established a 48-hour work week in essential industry, with time and a half pay for the extra eight hours.

These Bridgeport (Conn.) "sweater girls" are waiting for a decision on what they should wear at work. The sweaters brought them violation slips from the Sikorsky Aircraft plant and a lot of publicity.

Others—millions of others—prepared to enter the swelling ranks of the services as the War Manpower Commission announced plans to draft 12,000 men a day to bring our armed forces to the staggering total of 11,000,000 by the end of the year. Married men will go and so will men with children. In fact, said WMC Chairman Paul McNutt, everyone who isn't working for war in the field or in the factory, will soon be working for war on the front.

Meanwhile, in Washington, Congress haggled over the merits of the Ruml pay-as-you-go tax plan, which provides payment of this year's income taxes on this year's incomes, and bickered over the advisability of lifting President Roosevelt's $25,000 ceiling on salaries.

Congress also voted to continue the Dies committee's investigation into Un-American activities, studied in the cloister of the cloakrooms the Administration's plan to add 16 billion dollars to the present 23-billion-dollar tax levy, and listened to comely Rep. Clare Boothe Luce castigate Vice President Henry Wallace's global thinking as "globaloney." Mrs. Luce's harangue stirred up little comment on Capitol Hill but from across the seas in England another lady legislator started talking back. American born Viscountess Astor said Mrs. Luce's "globaloney" was "too smart" for her. "It's like a very stylish and ridiculous hat," said Lady Astor.

The Office of Price Administration started rationing shoes: three pairs a year for every American. Meat rationing will start April 1: two pounds a week for all. Butter rationing starts in May: 13 pounds a year for everyone.

Still in the news was Edward J. Flynn, who, after losing three jobs in one week, hit the comeback trail again. Flynn, out as minister to Australia, out as Democratic national chairman, out as Democratic committeeman from New York, was renamed party boss of the Bronx by his faithful followers.

Dead in Hollywood was Mrs. Beatrice Houdini who only recently gave up trying to contact in the hereafter her late husband, prestidigitator Harry Houdini, after having held unsuccessful seances for 10 years. "Ten years," she said wearily, "is long enough to wait for any man." Another famous magician's widow, Mrs. Howard Thurston, died in North Adams, Mass.

Dead at 53 was W. S. Van Dyke II, act movie director. His pictures included "Trader Horn," "The Thin Man" and "Marie Antoinette."

Despite the fact that he can do 1,625 consecutive pushups and has been called "the most muscular man in America," Dan Lurie couldn't pass the Army physical examination in New York. He was rejected for a heart murmur. . . . Lana Turner, who had her marriage to tobacco-raising Stephen Crane annulled in Hollywood, staged a Valentine's Day reunion with Crane in New York. "Time may bring a happy ending for us both," said he. . . . Tommy Manville's sixth wife, show girl Billie Bose, was given a Reno divorce; she broke a Manville precedent by not asking alimony. . . . The Blue Network started censoring Walter Winchell's broadcasts and Winchell raised a howl. He said the network was trying to stop him from criticizing pre-Pearl Harbor isolationists. The network replied that it refused to allow commercial broadcasters to "discuss controversial issues in a biased and inflammatory manner." Finally Winchell was permitted to keep on broadcasting.

A Soldier on the Loose

Jakie Webb is handcuffed at Reno.

RENO, NEV.—Army life at Fort McDowell, Calif., was kind of slow for Pvt. Jakie Webb. What he wanted was excitement.

So Jakie, who is the great great-grandson of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt and who in his gay New York days was a familiar figure in the fox holes at the Stork Club, walked off the reservation, caught a train for Reno, procured an Air Corps captain's uniform and established a command post in a smart Reno hotel.

When post officers caught up with Jakie they found him regaling a nest of beautiful women with accounts of his heroism in the skies over China. He was interned at a Reno Army Air Base hospital. But he didn't stay there long.

Wearing a red bathrobe and pajamas, he dove out of a window, hitchhiked back to Reno and holed up in a hotel again. Picked up a second time and removed to the base stockade under charges of desertion, impersonating an army officer and "bringing disgrace to the uniform of the U. S. Army," glib-talking Jakie had a snappy explanation.

"I think I had amnesia," he said.

President Promises Jobs For Army After the War

WASHINGTON—"A fundamental of an effective peace," said President Roosevelt on the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth, "is the assurance to those men who are fighting our battles that when they come home they will find a country with an economy firm enough and fair enough to provide jobs for all those who are willing to work."

After "the day when the United Nations forces march in triumph through the streets of Berlin and Rome and Tokyo," the President declared, "I am certain private enterprise will be able to provide the vast majority of those jobs—and, in those cases where this cannot be accomplished, that the Congress of the U. S. will make good the assurance of earning a living."

The speech, delivered at the White House Correspondents' dinner in Washington, was the President's first lengthy statement since he returned from his conferences at Casablanca with Prime Minister Churchill.

"Today the personal freedom of every American and his family depends, and in the future will increasingly depend upon the freedom of his neighbors in other lands," the President said. "No nation in all the world that is free to make a choice is going to set itself up under a Fascist form of government, or a Nazi form of government, or a Japanese warlord form of government."

Of the forthcoming action in Tunisia, the President had these plain words to say:

"The battle of Tunisia will cost us heavily in casualties. We must face that fact now with the same calm courage that our men are facing it on the battlefield itself.

"The enemy has strong forces in strong positions. His supply lines are maintained at great cost, but Hitler has been willing to pay that cost for he knows the consequences of Allied victory in Tunisia. Those consequences are actual invasions of the continent of Europe.

"The pressure on Germany and Italy will be constant and unrelenting. The amazing Russian armies in the East have been delivering overpowering blows; we must do likewise in the West.

"The enemy must be hit and hit hard from so many directions that he never knows which is his bow and which is his stern."

Elizabeth Johns collects tickets on Pennsylvania local at Philadelphia. She's one of three women on the job.

George Doing OK

LOWELL, MASS. — Pvt. George Petros, of Lowell, who is stationed in North Africa, is feeling fine, his mother learned the other day. She got the news from a good source too—from the President of the U. S. Here's the letter Mrs. Petros received:

Dear Mrs. Petros:

During my recent trip I had the pleasure of seeing your son, George, and thought that you would like to know that he is well and in fine spirits. The services he rendered during my visit were capably performed and I went you to know of my appreciation.

Very sincerely yours,
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

THE FOLKS BACK HOME

"It wasn't a Peeping Tom after all, dear. Just the air-raid warden."

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NEWS FROM HOME

ALABAMA

Establishment of a four-year medical college at Birmingham was proposed. H. H. Black was killed at the Birmingham Slag Co. plant at Ensley when he was crushed against a wall by a piece of slag. Mrs. Virgil James retired as executive secretary of the Jefferson County Red Cross Chapter. The Rev. J. Fred Sparks, pastor of Shadyside Methodist Church at Birmingham, died. District Judge T. A. Murphree named Chester L. Elam and Miss Eugenia Breeden federal probation officers at Birmingham. The Red Cross appealed to the people of Birmingham for more blood plasma contributions.

ARKANSAS

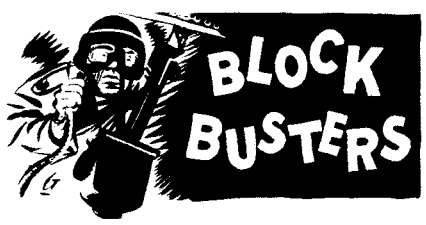
The wets in Mena won a local option liquor election. State Treasurer Earl Page is seriously ill at Little Rock. The state government protested a proposal to build a natural gas pipe line from Louisiana fields to Tennessee, claiming it would drain Arkansas' reserves. County Judge J. N. Grant went on trial at Russellville, charged with perjury and embezzlement. William Lee Palmer, 16, was killed at Blytheville when his bicycle was struck by a truck. Gov. Adkins opposed a move to give him extraordinary war powers.

CALIFORNIA

A San Francisco draft board rejected Lyman Young, Bay area portrait painter, who resisted the draft, because of "his mentality." J. Stanwood Murphy, millionaire lumberman who was shot at by Madge Bellamy, ex-film actress, declined to prosecute, and the charge against her was reduced to carrying concealed weapons. The Mackay Radio and Telegraph Co. established direct service to Great Britain from San Francisco. Nineteen bodies were recovered from a naval air transport wreck in Mendocine County. Licenses of 44 taverns and 14 popular clubs in San Francisco were suspended. At Upland, a youth who rented a horse at a riding academy failed to return it; he'd given his name as "Jesse James." San Francisco Chinese celebrated their New Year without firecrackers. Dr. A. H. Giannini, 69, banker, motion picture executive, one-time surgeon, died while attending a regents' meeting at Loyola University, Los Angeles.

COLORADO

Colorado sheriffs elected Gus Anderson, Weld County, their president for 1943. Denver gas station operators went on a 72-hour week to meet manpower shortages. Nelson C. Handy, 77, became secretary to Gov. Vivian. Continental Air Lines is planning a new Denver-Kansas City line. R. K. Goddard, Denver secret service official, says that war-scarce metals have almost put counterfeiters out of business. A 5,000-pound air-raid siren was placed atop the Republic Building in Denver. The State Reformatory may be closed for the duration; the State Fair may also be a war victim. State Game and Fish Commission officials have asked Washington to allow cartridges to hunters for the purpose of increasing the meat supply. Mrs. Pasqualina Lombardi, 100, died at Denver.



Come on, you word bombardiers—let's see into how many pieces you can break up this word:

BATTLEGROUND

The idea is to see how many little words you can make out of the big one. For example: The words DRAB and TABLE can be picked out. You ought to be able to get plenty of other words.

No letter may be used more often than it appears in the word. No more than one form of a word allowed. No proper nouns. No obsolete words.

Mail your list, with the total word count, to Contest Editor, YANK, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. C. The G.I.s submitting the highest total will receive swell SERVICE KITS, containing a collection of the best puzzles and games you ever saw.

Entries from the U. S. A. must be received within one month of publication date, from overseas within two months.

At a Los Angeles gift and art show, Nancy Brickman shows a porcelain Persian horse.

CONNECTICUT

At Hartford, Gov. Baldwin ordered a 48-hour week for 12,800 state employees and said unnecessary workers will be dismissed to be placed in essential war jobs. The legislature seated Mayor Frank Stack of Norwalk as a representative after an investigation of election-law violation charges. Donald Galway, 12, was awarded $9,140 damages at Hartford against Harry D. Williamson, Reynolds School principal, who allegedly attacked the boy. The Electric Boat Co. at Groton began employing women to build submarines. Mrs. Bensee Brashear Simmons was divorced from Zalmon G. Simmons, mattress fortune heir, at Bridgeport. Russell Andrews was named deputy judge of the Willimantic police court.

GEORGIA

Dr. Marvin S. Pittman, fired by the Talmadge administration on a charge he advocated racial co-education, was returned to his post as president of Georgia Teachers' College at Statesboro. The Georgia legislature ousted Public Safety Commissioner John E. Goodwin by abolishing his office. The city of Atlanta became a customs collection point designated as "Port of Atlanta," although it is located hundreds of miles inland.

ILLINOIS

The Chicago subway will open soon, if federal court approves a petition allowing the "L" to go underground. The Peoria Masonic Lodge observed its 100th anniversary. The price of milk in Chicago went up to 17 cents a quart. The Illinois Swine Growers held their annual meeting over the radio to save transportation. Aurora banned children under 16 from busses during rush-hour traffic from 4 to 5 P.M. Passenger auto license applications in Illinois were halved by gas and tire rationing. Many workers are going back to Illinois farms, as a result of increased city living costs and higher farm wages. The Lake View Lutheran Church in Chicago celebrated its 95th anniversary. The Christy, *a tug boat, crashed into the Jackson Boulevard bridge in Chicago when a span failed to open. William DeLong, Civil War veteran of Roodhouse, celebrated his 100th birthday. The Hardin County jail at Elizabethtown had its sixth jail break in six weeks.*

INDIANA

At Bedford, many windows were broken by a terrific thunderclap. Two small children in the family of Howard Erea were burned to death at Valparaiso after a kerosene stove exploded. The Rev. George S. Henninger came from retirement to the pastorate of Edwin Ray Methodist church in Indianapolis, succeeding the late Rev. Herbert Bassett. Fire damaged the Portland jail. Other blazes destroyed the Producers Creamery at Marion and four Rushville greenhouses. State police reported a 31 per cent decrease in Indiana traffic fatalities in 1942. At Evansville, Roxy, a 3,000-pound elephant, died in Mayor Reichert's garage, where she had been ill since last November. Two Terre Haute men, Harry Stinson, engineer, and R. J. Milner, fireman, died near Montrose, Ill., when the Pennsylvania Railroad's "Jeffersonian" struck an oil truck. Indianapolis' 1942 birth rate was its highest, with 9,195 babies reported. Dr. Edward F. W. Crawford, a LaPorte physician for 50 years, died. Several patients were missing after fire razed the Evansville State Hospital for the Insane; others battled would-be rescuers.

IOWA

At Des Moines 17-year-olds protested the state law barring them from night clubs. Carl H. Daubendiek, telephone company manager at Jefferson, was sentenced to 90 days for cutting off service to the local ration board after it refused him extra gas rations. Henry Heidbrink, Plymouth County farmer, won a hybrid corn contest with a 205 ¼-bushel-per-acre yield. At the Iowa Hereford Association auction at Cedar Rapids, an April bull calf brought $2,025. Bennett's $40,000 public school building burned. Deaths: Mayor Maurice Turner Dever at Coralville; Lawson Carroll, 89, Outing Club doorman, at Davenport.

KENTUCKY

Fayette County purchased voting machines. Six laundries will be installed at state institutions. Bowling Green's airport received new lighting installations. Harlan's Moose Club sued to recover slot machines confiscated from their clubrooms. Hayden Carroll of Sadler reported that his Rhode Island Red hen laid a 7-by-9-inch egg. Federal narcotic agents announced the seizure of 20 tons of narcotics valued at $15,000,000 near Lexington and said the raid would end operations of a dope ring from New York to Detroit. Two Army privates returned to spend leave in a Louisville apartment, after escorting the woman who'd married both of them to jail.

MAINE

Augustus D. Piggin of China, who says he first voted in 1856, observed his 103d birthday. At Bar Harbor, a fawn, pet of the family of Lyle Smith, game warden, rides to school on the running board of the bus. James W. Remick, 83, former chairman of the U. S.-Germany reparations commission, died at Kittery Point.

MARYLAND

John W. Garrison, a Negro who used a rope made from overall scraps to scale a 65-foot wall, effected the first escape from Maryland Penitentiary in 14 years. In Baltimore, Lee Uhler, unable to find a contractor to repair a house he owned, instead found tenants who repaired the building and permitted them to live in it rent-free. Slag poured on a wet dump at the Rustless Iron and Steel Co. in Baltimore caused an explosion which injured 15 persons. Three Baltimore Yacht Club buildings on Sue Island burned. Mrs. Anna Stansbury, her two daughters and a granddaughter were injured when fire destroyed their home in Baltimore. Parents of 17-year-old Allen Willey filed suit for $50,000 at Annapolis against Mrs. Helen Aileen Randle, socialite charged with young Willey's murder.

MASSACHUSETTS

The New Haven Railroad promised to do a long-needed paint job on the Hyannis station. Thomas H. McCormack, veteran Newton patrolman, joined the Coast Guard. Attleboro births hit a new high in 1942, with 951 recorded. Snow removal caused headaches to many Bay State cities; Lowell spent $10,000 for new equipment. Manpower scarcity will prevent many ponds and brooks in western Massachusetts from being stocked with fish this year. At Haverhill, Mayor Glynn ordered the Rainbow Cafe building on Wingate Street razed. Gloucester fought the proposed removal of Norman's Woe reef, scene of Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus," denying it's a navigation menace. Rocco Pasqucci, 44, Waltham landscape gardener, was charged with slashing Mrs. Angelina Cappuccio, 54, to death in Medford. Thirty children were seriously injured at Palmer in a head-on crash of two school buses. Three firemen were injured at Cambridge in a $100,000 fire at the Elks Building. Richard and John Hanson, 10 and 7, perished at Princeton when their family home burned. John J. Pope, 69, former city editor of the New York *Sun*, died at Barrington.

Horse on Someone

New York—A lot of New Yorkers who have been saying they'd never eat horse meat already have. Nine hundred pounds of horse meat, branded as beef, was delivered from New Jersey and ground into hamburger in New York restaurants. The New Jersey wholesaler was fined $250.

The Wrong War

Los Angeles, Calif.—John Pickula, a hobo, charged with failure to register for the draft, explained: "I thought the war was over." When he gave his age as 32 and his birth date as 1889, officers discovered his trouble. A victim of amnesia, Pickula was talking about the last war.

MINNESOTA

Exemption of service men under the rank of captain from state income tax payments was approved by the State Senate; also approved was increase of the state old-age pension maximum to $40 a month. Alderman Henry H. Bank appealed his conviction of "fixing" a criminal case. At Minneapolis, 360 teamsters each contributed a pint of blood to the Red Cross.

MISSOURI

At St. Louis, women's garment shows were called off; manufacturers have already sold all their summer wear. Missouri letter-carriers asked the legislature at Jefferson City to make dog owners liable for attacks on letter-carriers and meter-readers. Ralph Coghlan, St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* editorial writer, was cleared of charges he and two others illegally conspired to remove cannon from the state capitol grounds to the scrap salvage heap over Gov. Donnell's objections. The old Campbell home on Locust Street, St. Louis, became a museum.

MONTANA

Moose and elk are reported roaming the streets of Wise River, near Butte, begging food. Anaconda copper mines at Anaconda and Great Falls were awarded Army-Navy "E" pennants. Bill T. Dee replaced Charles A. Brasier as undersheriff in Butte. At Polaris, the car of Pete Cashmore of Dillon was completely buried in snow drifts when it left the road; he dug his way out.

NEBRASKA

At Omaha, 40,000 persons employed in nonessential jobs sought necessary war work. War restrictions deprived Omaha of pint milk bottles for the duration. Omaha's barber college, on lower Douglas Street, closed; no barbers. The strike which deprived 21 Omaha buildings of steam heat was settled in management-union conferences.

NEW MEXICO

Mayor Tingley of Albuquerque said the city will economize, won't replace any employee called to war. According to Chairman Harold Sellers, abolition of pari-mutuel betting would kill the State Fair. Sections of the Rio Grande Valley may be used for production of guayule, new source of rubber. At Roy, the town's last barber shop closed. Floyd Lee, San Mateo, was chosen as president of the New Mexico Wool Growers Association for the 13th time. Milk prices at Tucumcari rose 1 cent a quart. Col. Thomas P. Gable, 91, New Mexico pioneer, died at Santa Fe.

NEW YORK

John O'Hern is Lancaster's new mayor. Buffalo Council leased its consistory to Canisius College for the duration to house aviation cadets. Buffalo's first service station operator prosecuted by OPA was Bruno Luczak, closed for selling gas without ration permits. Federal Judge John Knight at Buffalo refused to dismiss 100 suits by the government for repossession of Indian-owned land in Salamanca. Three thousand pounds of grain was stolen from the Avard Bake Food Co. in Saratoga Springs. Mrs. Jeanette H. Miller, 51, and her son, Inslee, 25, a writer, committed suicide in New York City the day Miller was to have been inducted. William Henry Hyde, 84, artist, died at Albany.

NORTH CAROLINA

At Wilson, a grand jury investigated alleged ABC store irregularities. Legislative proposals at Raleigh: abolition of the death sentence if the jury recommends mercy and a state-wide liquor referendum. Wayman Grainger, Chadbourn Negro, was sentenced to death for killing Henry Lee Fipps. The annual State Public School Music Contest

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At left is "Ow-Du-Sees-Ul," or "Princess of Many Trails," also known as Mrs. F.D.R., as she was initiated into the Penobscot tribe in Maine.

at Greensboro was canceled. Dr. Herman G. Baity, engineering professor at the University of North Carolina, was appointed to direct a rubber development project in Brazil. The Rev. J. Lloyd Mauney, pastor of Baptist Church at London Bridge, became pastor of Enderly Park Baptist Church at Charlotte. The Rev. J. Frank Davis, pastor of Ascension Lutheran Church, Shelby, left to accept a New York pastorate. Vandals looted and damaged five Charlotte schools. J. E. Burnside Jr. was named to the Charlotte City School Board. Deaths: County Commissioner Fred A. Hamilton, at Charlotte; Mrs. Harold Mercer, wife of the general manager of the Firestone Cotton Mills, at Gastonia; O. F. Asbury, 82, pioneer electrician, at Charlotte; the Rev. Timothy A. Sikes, Monroe Methodist minister, at Wrightsville Beach.

OHIO

Charles E. Weber, law professor at the University of Cincinnati, defeated Charles M. Merry to succeed Charles P. Taft on the Cincinnati City Council. Ohio will change from eastern war time to eastern standard time. Anthony Treat, Cincinnati, was sentenced to death for the assault-murder of 10-year-old Helen Sellers. The Woodward High School fence in Cincinnati produced 123,390 pounds of scrap metal. Xavier University, Cincinnati, graduated 53 at its 103rd annual commencement. Reports said the Latonia race track at Cincinnati will be rebuilt. Judge Clarence Denning was elected president of the Cincinnati Federated Civic Associations. Emmett D. Kirgan, 63, retired as Cincinnati city detective chief. Christ Church, Episcopal, at Cincinnati began a campaign for a new church in memory of the late Dr. Frank H. Nelson. Mrs. Pearl Leonard and Mrs. Eleanor Caproni, both 26, were freed at Cincinnati after allegedly killing Mrs. Caproni's husband, who forced them both to live with him.

OREGON

Two persons were known dead and eight were missing after a Columbia River ferry overturned en route from Portland to the Kaiser shipyard in Vancouver. Oregon's worst snowstorm in five years caused six deaths and disrupted transportation. West Hills golf course became a ski run. Mary O'Hara and Abraham B. McKillop, cooks, were cleared at Salem of responsibility for the accidental poisoning of 47 inmates of the Oregon State Mental Hospital last November.

PENNSYLVANIA

At Philadelphia, five men were drowned when the tug *M. J. Taylor* capsized in the Delaware. The State Superior Court held pinball machines legal. Philadelphia set a goal of 30,000 victory gardens. Three women became conductors on the Pennsylvania Railroad's Paoli locals; more were in prospect. Police halted dancing after 1 A.M. in Philadelphia. MPs, SPs and Philadelphia's vice squad arrested 49 in a raid on the Gay Nineties Cafe on Market Street. At Coatesville, Paul Ensworthy, 17, died in a sledding accident five years after his brother was killed the same way. In four schools at Rankin, near Pittsburgh, 50 teachers struck for higher wages. Louis Weitzenkorn, 49, playwright and author, who wrote "Five Star Final," was burned to death at Wilkes-Barre after his clothing caught fire. S. M. Robbins, fireman, was killed at Johnstown when a locomotive and seven cars were derailed on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Deaths: George W. Hensel Jr., 76, president of the Quarryville Bank at Quarryville; Moses L. French, 101, Civil War veteran, at Philadelphia.

RHODE ISLAND

Ten Rhode Island textile mills were closed for a week by the fuel shortage. The Army assigned 25 conscientious objectors to relieve a shortage of attendants at the State Hospital for Mental Diseases. Gov. McGrath said the state will lose $1,500,000 a year in betting revenues if Narragansett race track is closed. Mayor McCoy of Pawtucket was proposed as U. S. envoy to Ireland. At Providence, Fearney's Fish Market and the fire-gutted Infantry Hall were razed. Arthur Weremay, 11, was charged at Cranston with shoving Clinton Place Jr., also 11, under a train and taking a wrist watch from his body.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Horace H. Willis resigned as dean of Clemson College's School of Textiles. Darlington County's rabid fox scare continued. Erskine College at Due West graduated 27 seniors in its first winter ceremony. The First Presbyterian Church at Cheraw observed the 40th anniversary of the Rev. A. H. McArn's pastorate. Movement of oil by barge on the Santee-Cooper waterway system to Charleston was proposed. E. S. C. Baker, past grand master of South Carolina Masons, died at Conway.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Mrs. Frederick W. Orvedahl of Lake Preston was strangled and beaten to death in a Sioux Falls tourist cabin. Fire cost Elmer Berg of Sioux Falls his car and garage after he used an electric heating plate to warm his crankcase. Moderate temperatures throughout the state followed two weeks of near-blizzard weather. A 30-day season on pheasants opened in 37 eastern counties.

TEXAS

Houston temperatures soared from 17 to 79 in two days. Houston's Fat Stock Show in March will feature increased production of rabbits to relieve meat shortages. A dog-poisoning epidemic in Houston resulted in the offer of a $100 reward for the culprit. Houston policemen were instructed to carry brooms to sweep broken glass and tacks from streets to protect tires. Mrs. Carey Wagley and her three children were burned to death at Crockett in a kerosene explosion. Pay increases totalling $155,445 a year were given Houston teachers. Of a population of 720 at Seagoville, 203 persons are in the armed services.

VIRGINIA

Richmond officials asked U. S. Forest Service aid in restoration of trees damaged by a recent ice storm. ABC stores resumed sales with each customer restricted to one pint a week. Richmond's school enrollment fell 1,250, mostly in white high schools. Members of the Richmond American Legion Post contributed 240 pints of blood to the Red Cross. The Richmond Army induction station moved from the Blues Armory to Virginia Union University's Belgian Building. The State Highway Department reported 2,900 employees in armed service. The second hit-and-run driver in six weeks crashed through the fence around the Lee Monument in Richmond. Forty-two University of Richmond students were Virginia's first college reservists to be called to active duty. Richmond taxi fares were limited to 50 cents. John Marshall High School in Richmond graduated 237 students. The Rev. George Ossman, rector of Monumental Episcopal Church, was named chaplain of the Medical College of Virginia. The FBI arrested band leader Johnnie Mack at Tantilla, charged him with failure to report for the draft.

WASHINGTON

Fire damaged Nesby's cafe and the Green Parrot theater on First Avenue in Seattle. Recovery of two more bodies increased the death toll of the Lake Forest Sanitarium fire to 32. U. S. District Judge Jeremiah Neterer of Seattle died at San Diego, Calif. Superior Court banned slot machines in Seattle. Seattle's Mayor William F. Devin proposed a $20,000,000 post-war platform airport between King to Spokane Streets. Adrian A. Walker testified in Seattle he'd been nagged 40 of his 56 married years, was granted a divorce. OPA ordered Seattle stores to curb delivery, exchange and wrapping services. State and national forest groups sought 3,500 Washington youths for fire crews next summer. King County's Prosecutor Lloyd W. Shorett opened a drive on bootleggers and speakeasies.

WISCONSIN

Traffic accidents have caused 17 Wisconsin deaths this year, 31 fewer than in the same period in 1942. Milwaukee celebrated its 97th birthday. Canners began canvassing for summer help and the U.S. Employment Service at Milwaukee sought more women for industries. Stanley Z. Fajkowski said he'd run for governor next year as a Democrat. A weekend vice drive in Madison resulted in 53 arrests. At Two Rivers, a quarantine of dogs followed 35 cases of distemper. Removal of 156 tons of abandoned trolley rails from Milwaukee streets was proposed. An unknown number of American-born Japs are to be moved into Wisconsin. Marquette University at Milwaukee graduated 139 seniors in its first mid-year ceremonies. Frank Weber, 93, labor leader, died at Milwaukee.

★ GENERAL MIXUP ★

All right, you anagram whizzes. There's a fancy bunch of movie actors below! Their names have been scrambled a bit here and there, but it's easy enough to shift them around to their original shape.

Example: RANG TRACY, unscrambled, yields CARY GRANT.

Now go ahead with the rest. You ought to be able to get them all straightened out in a half hour.

1. TRUE VIM ACTOR .....
2. RAP THEM ROUGH, BY —! .....
3. ROLES LAUGH, CHANT .....
4. SAVED GUN MOLLY .....
5. DANCE HOME .....
6. BOY! REELS CHAR .....
7. DERBY ON ANVIL .....
8. BLACK GLARE .....
9. ONE PET WORRY .....
10. SPRY ACCENTER .....

(Solution on page 22.)

MAIN STREET

Columbus, Ohio—Local OPA officials explained that the notation "Rev. 10-1-42" on gas ration stickers is a printer's mark for "Revised Oct. 1, 1942." But biblical students insisted it meant "Revelations, Chapter 10, Verses 1 to 42," quoted the opening verse: "And he had in his hand a little book open."

Worcester, Mass.—Postman Albert M. Buskey stepped into an open man hole, was showered with slush by passing snow plows an hour before police pulled him out. He was taken to the city hospital suffering from exposure and a sprained back.

Peoria, Ill.—Love will find a way, agreed the Peoria Rationing Board, but it won't be by auto. The board rejected a newlywed couple's plea for extra gasoline for a honeymoon trip. A honeymoon trip, ruled the board, is not essential travel.

Trenton, N. J.—Last spring Joseph Iuliucci, Camden County farmer, bought nine pounds of cucumber seeds from a store in Hammonton where he was told the nine pounds would produce 1500 bushels. Came harvest time and all Iuliucci got was a half-bushel of crooked nubbins. Now he is suing the store for $1500 damages.

Hartford, Conn.—A court here ruled that it does not make grounds for annulment if a husband conceals his glass eye or false teeth from his wife until after they're married. The same goes for hubby if he discovers after the wedding that wifey's wonderful hank of blonde curls is only a wig. "Such fraud has not the slightest bearing on the objectives of matrimony," the judge said.

Denver, Colo. — Kenneth Stewart's personal anti-inflation program was flatly turned down by the government. Police found Stewart eating money in his home. He had already downed $11 in currency and was planning to make a dessert on $75 in War Bonds. Said Stewart: "The cost of living has jumped so high, a person might as well eat money directly." Federal agents said he would be charged with defacement of currency.

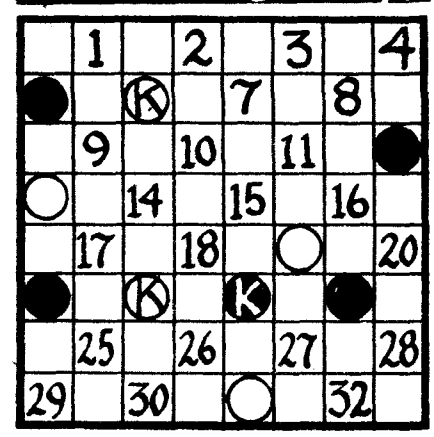
Washington, D. C.—The government has finally taken a stand on the diaper situation. The OPA announces officially that laundries renting diapers to customers may now require a deposit before handing them over. Deductions from this deposit are only permitted where the articles are not returned by the customer. No deductions are allowed for "reasonable wear and tear."

Yonkers, N. Y. — Garbage will be collected here once a week instead of twice a week because of the gas and tire shortage.

Barrel Roll

Ravenna, Ohio—Theodore G. Urgan, 26, held on robbery charges in the county jail, hid in the jail garbage barrel. Collectors came for the garbage, rolled the barrel out of the cell block. Then Urban rolled out of the barrel, ran off.

Checkerboard Strategy



RED TO MOVE AND WIN.

The Black King on square 23 is making a quick grab for the Red checker on square 19. If Red tries to get out of the way by moving to square 15, the Black King slides into square 18, and cops a checker. A pair of pants!

So—what would you do if you were marshalling the Red pieces? Well, as a matter of fact, the Reds can WIN here! You see, BLACK has over-extended his lines by attacking the Red checker on 19—and Red can now get ready to wipe him out! But how?

Try to work out the strategy yourself. But if you can't get it—turn to page 22 for the solution. But first number the playing squares of your board from 1 to 32 as shown. This will enable you to follow the winning moves as given.

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Bird

MOUNTAINEER. The pigeon is taken out of its box and put into the pigeon pack on the back of Pfc. Thomas B. Austin, who is ready to be hauled up a mountain slope.

OME of the best trained members of the Army ar in the Hawaii Pigeon Section of the Signal Corps staffed by men who have had years of experience ir breeding the birds. They took over the job of fitting t work after their own three months of basic training pally when communications break down, or when th of enemy interception, pigeons are trained to fly mes their home lofts, as well as to fly out to a given po with an answer. Of vital use in the first World War, per cent got through with their messages, pigeons h

CARRIER. Sir, a war dog, is an old hand with pigeons. He takes two of the birds to a mountain outpost from which they will fly messages back to headquarters.

S.O.S. Pigeons have saved lives on the land, air and sea. message for help. In this picture Coast Guardsmen Robe

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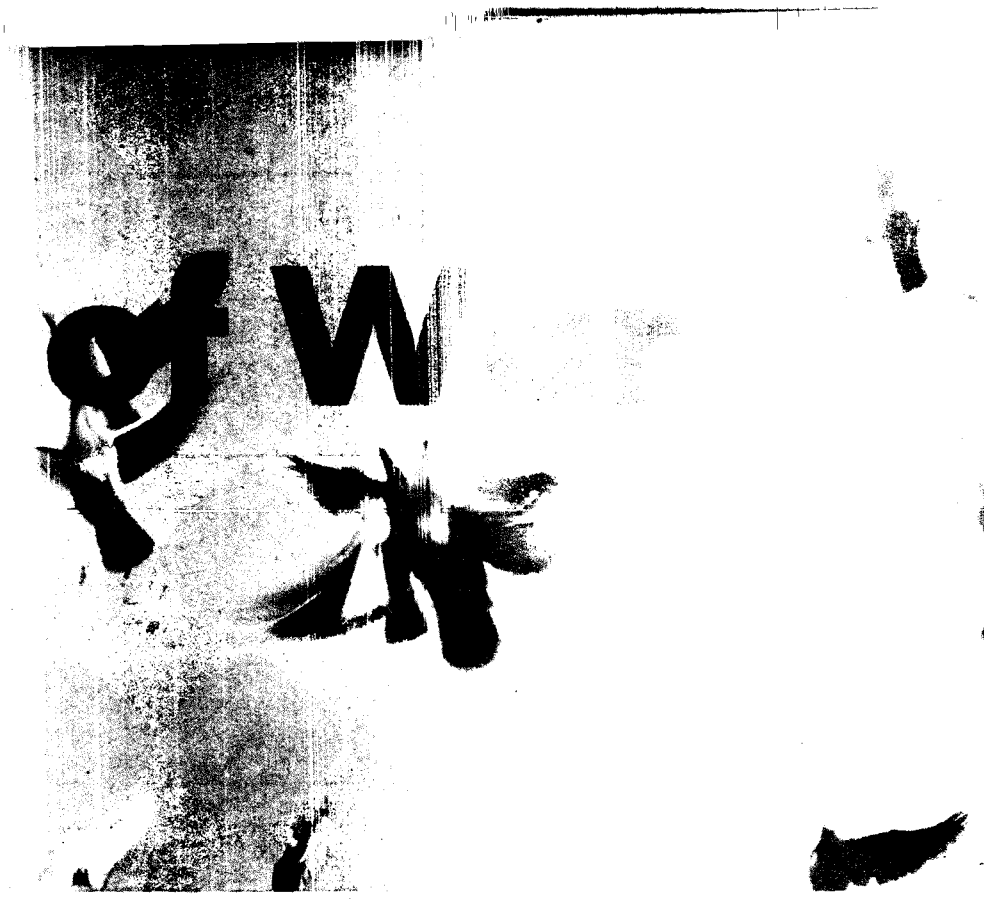
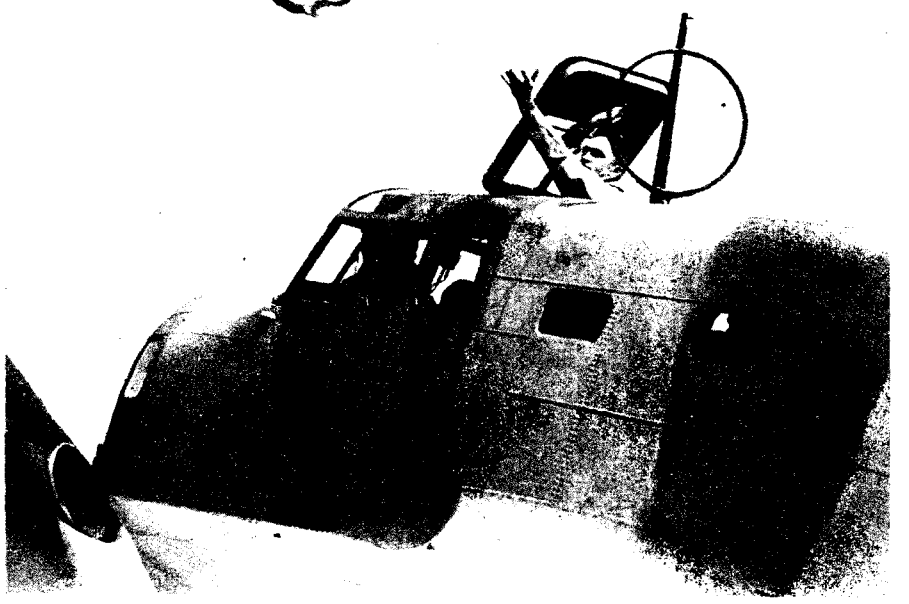


In a bomber 3,000 feet up, a message on onion skin paper is placed on capsule and attached to pigeon's leg. See below

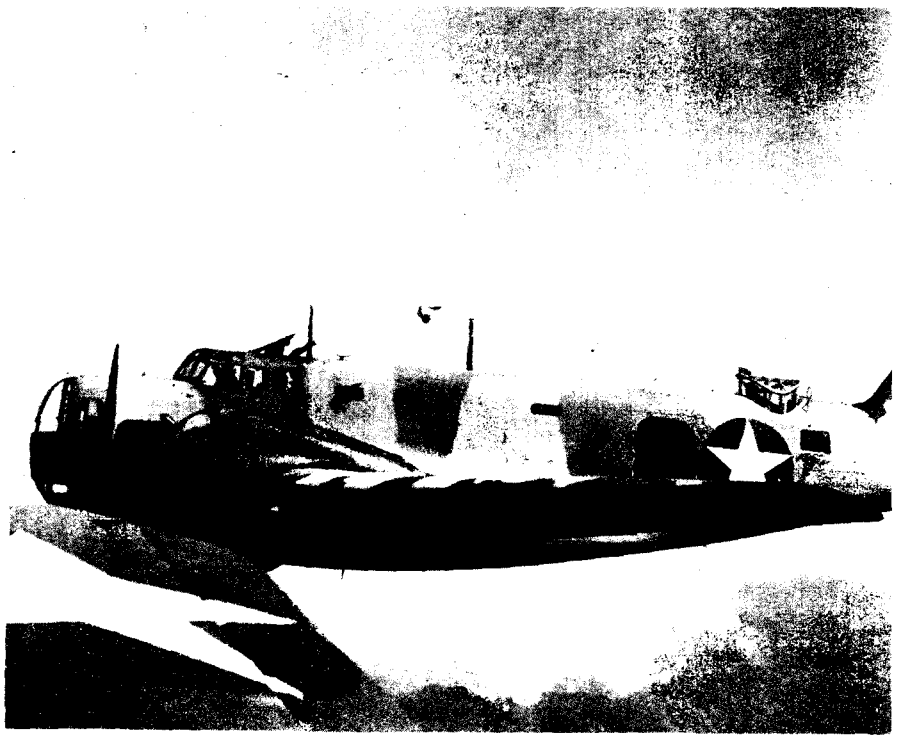
pigeons
outfit is
ning and
or Army
d princi-
danger
back to
d return
90 to 95
lso been

used in this war for espionage activity in the conquered countries of Europe. Bombing planes carry pigeons, and dozens of flyers owe their lives to distress messages sent out by that means. Pigeons trained in Hawaii are ready for active duty after two to three months, after which they are loaned to units throughout the islands. Soldiers in these units are then responsible for using the birds properly and caring for them. Pigeoneers, the original trainers, visit these units frequently to inspect the care of their birds. If the pigeons have been badly used they take them back, and a guilty outfit has difficulty getting new birds. They are worth the Army's best care.



RELEASE Lt. Herschel Chenoweth, commander of the Pigeoneers, tosses the bird from the bomber, which is on an observation flight.

ne radio should fail on this Coast Guard boat a pigeon could be sent off with a eich and Enoth Osborn release a bird on a practice flight that should carry it home.



FLIGHT. The pigeon, which can fly from 35 to 50 miles an hour, is on its way to get the message through to the right quarters.

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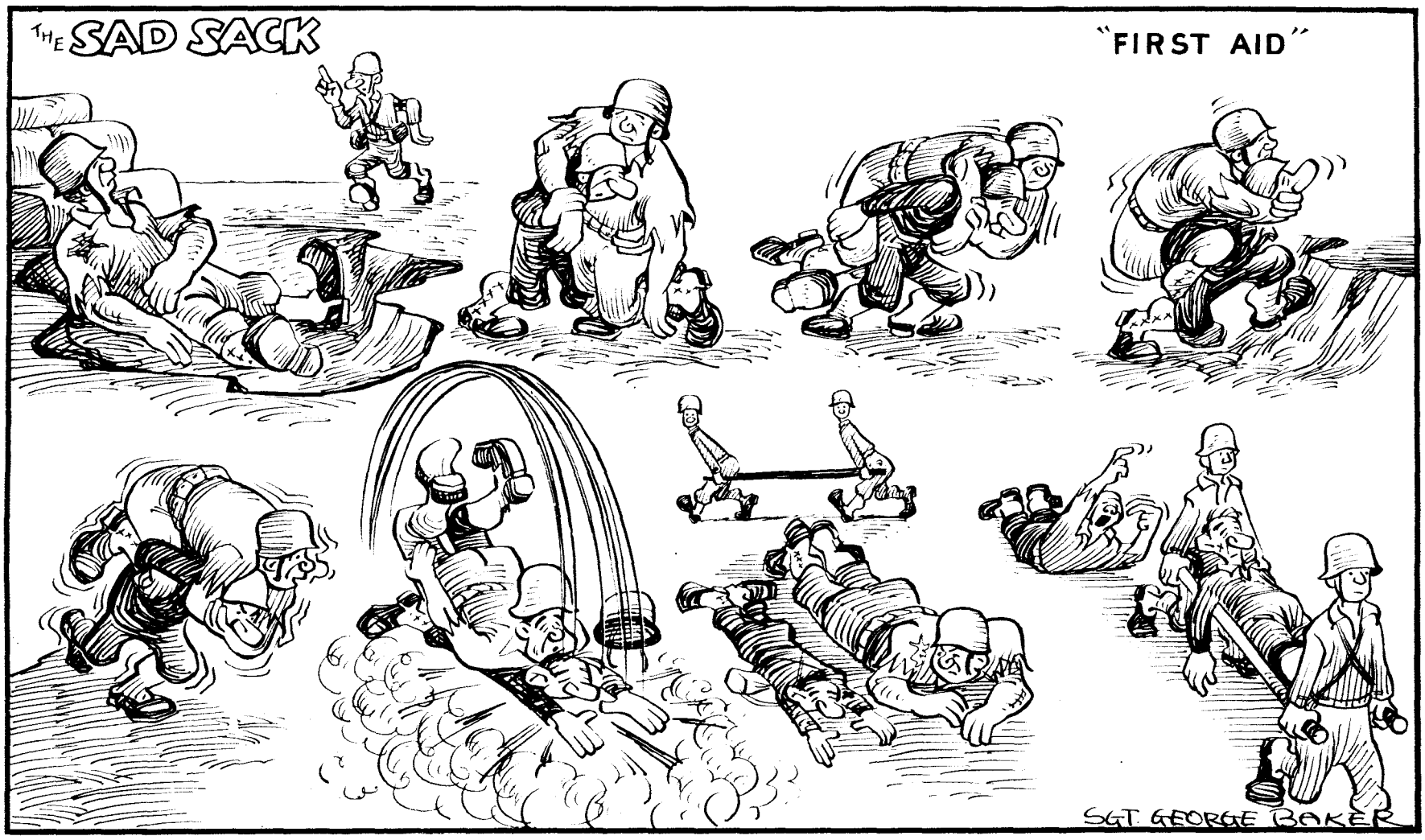


BETWEEN the LINES

NOMENCLATURE OF SCRUBBING BRUSH 1904 M1

a: General:—The Army Scrubbing Brush, caliber .100, 1904 M1, is hand-operated, hand-fed, water-cooled, and bristle-loaded. Weight without water, 16 ounces. Weight with water, 16¼ ounces. Cyclic rate of motion, 500 per minute. Number of aimed strokes, 100 per minute. Velocity, 50 feet per second. Ammunition, G.I. Soap M1. Range, 36 inches.

b. Cooling system.—When the bristles are moistened so that the ammunition (soap) will operate properly, the excess water, by osmosis or capillary attraction, travels up the bristles toward the wooden base, and cools them so that they do not burn up from the heat caused by friction of the bristles when in use.

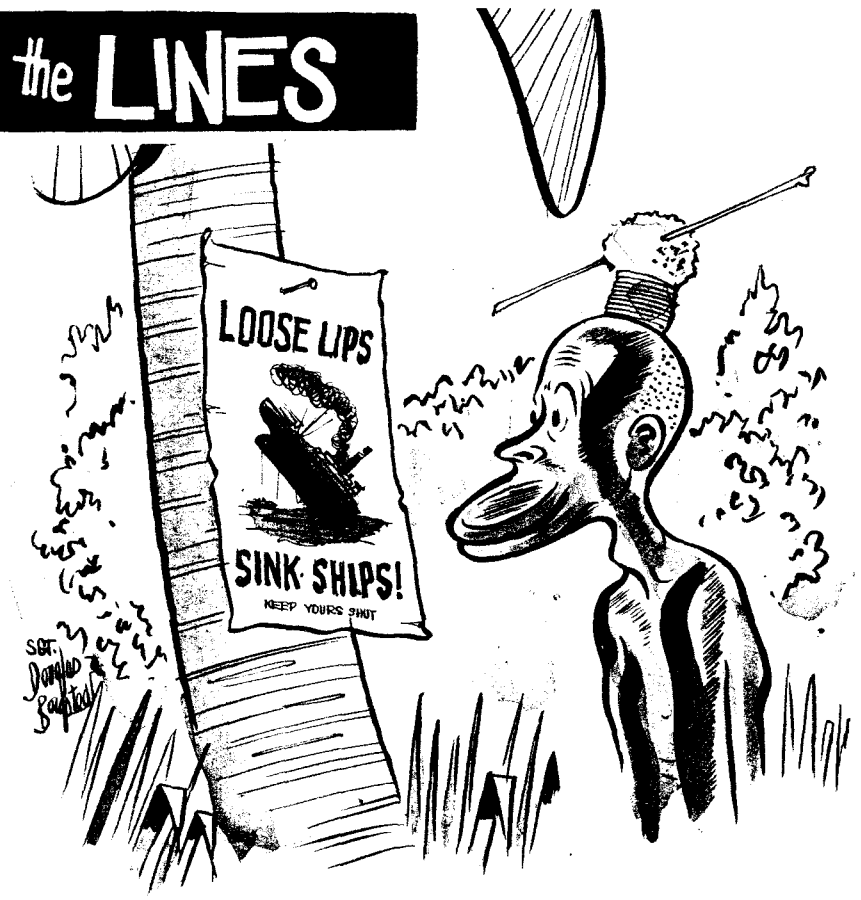
c. Principle of operation.—In operation the brush, when in the forward position, is helped to the rear by the pressure of the hand on the base, forcing the bristles downward, and compressing them rearward toward the base. Thus the rear motion of the brush is accelerated.

d. Sights.—To facilitate rapidity of lining on target the open sight, M52, is provided on the front end by means of adding nothing to the back of the immovable base.

e. Powers and limitations.—Brush 1904 M1 is relatively mobile, but where extreme maneuverability is desired, for example on teeth, it is necessary to use tooth brush 1924 M3 or fingernail brush A1919 M2, depending on the situation. Brush 1904 M1 delivers fire heavily, not as heavily as handle floor brush 1901 M2, but heavily enough for the situations normally encountered by the infantry platoon, such as dirty clothes or dirty equipment.

f. Tactical use.—Where there are extremely heavy deposits of G.I. dirt, brush 1904 M1 must give way to the heavy brush 1901 M2, except where the dirt is on clothing. Brush 1904 M1 is grasped firmly by means of the right thumb being placed carefully in the left groove, with the axis of the thumb exactly parallel with the longitudinal axis of the brush, and the other fingers carefully placed so that the tips thereof are perpendicular to the right edge of the base and able to exert pressure toward the right thumb. Sufficient pressure being brought to bear, the ammunition, held tightly between the thumb and fingers of the left hand, is firmly fed to brush 1904 M1 by pressing the broad side of soap M1 against bristles M4 of brush 1904 M1 and, with a circular motion, transferring ammunition M1 to brush 1904 M1.

—Pvt. SHEPARD GREEN
Camp Croft, S. C.



"Never mind the tree, McGuire. It's all right just as it is!"

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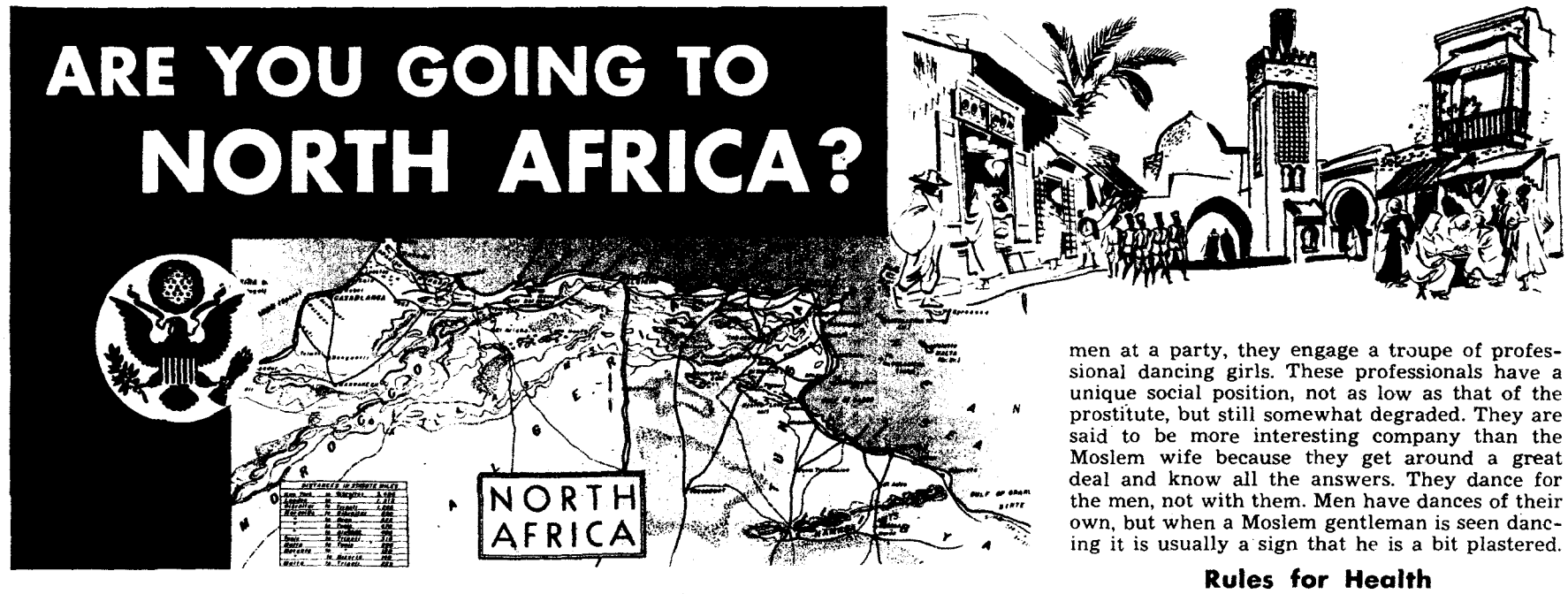
ARE YOU GOING TO NORTH AFRICA?



YANK quotes from "Pocket Guide To North Africa," published by the Special Service Division for troops in Mediterranean area.

THE North Africans have no tanks or airplanes, and few machine guns. They are producers of food, and they can either supply us water or poison the wells, guide us through mountains and desert or lead us astray. They can tell us what the Germans and Italians are doing if they like us or they can tell the Germans and Italians what we are doing if they dislike us. The purpose of this guide is to keep you from making mistakes in your dealings with the people of North Africa. Winning their friendship is an important step in winning the war.

When invited to a meal, you should sit on the floor with the rest. After grace *(Bismillah)* is said, you wait for the host to dip into the food before making your move. Eat only with the right hand; Moslems never use the left in partaking of food because that hand is used exclusively in attending to a call of nature. These other simple rules will enable you to play well your part as guest at a Moslem meal.

Eat with your fingers and out of the same bowl.

Do not cut native bread with a knife, but tear it with your fingers.

Leave some food in the main bowl—what you leave goes to the women and children.

Eat only part of the first course—there may be four or five more coming.

The Women

When seen in public, a Moslem woman is usually covered from head to foot in a plain white wrapper, with a white veil stretched across her face just beneath the eyes. But under this unattractive costume, the women wear garments of very bright colors which are revealed only in the privacy of their homes, the idea being that a Moslem woman is not supposed to look attractive in public. The veil likewise is a sign of respectability, distinguishing ladies from scrub women.

In the country districts, where women do the heavy labor of the farm and household, they seldom cover their faces. Oddly enough, however, when a girl from the red-light district walks abroad, she is muffled to the eyes in white wrapper and veil.

These few rules are to be strictly observed with relation to the Moslem women:

Never stare at one.

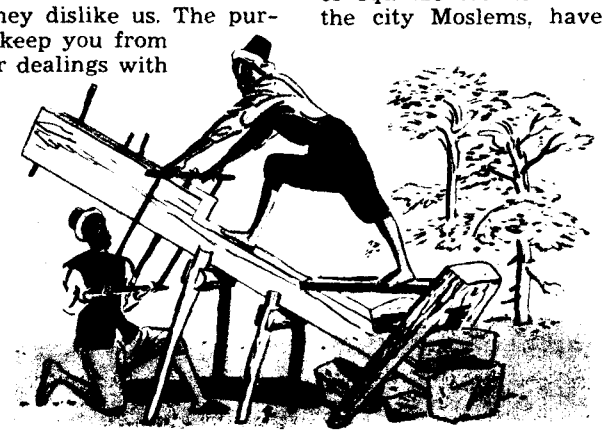
Never jostle her in a crowd.

Never speak to her in public.

Never try to remove the veil.

Some General Rules

When you meet a Moslem he will want to shake hands. Do it gently! Do not pump his hand or squeeze too hard. Many of them, especially the city Moslems, have fine hands which are easily hurt. A Moslem may even kiss your hand, or raise his fingers to his lips afterward. Do not laugh at him; it is his way of showing politeness. Above all, do not slap him on the back and do not handle him; do not push him in fun or try to wrestle with him, or touch his body in any way, even if you think you know him well.



North Africans, by and large, have an excellent sense of humor. You will not find it difficult to joke with them because they see the humor in situations easily. If they laugh at you, take it; don't get angry. Above all, never strike them. They do not know how to box; one right on the jaw would knock a Moslem down. Moslems fight with knives, and they are probably a lot better at it than you are.

Social Life

The social life in North Africa is very different from our own, not only because of its leisurely character, but because Moslem men do not make companions of their women. A man's wife attends to the home, bears children, and may work in the fields, but she is in the position of a chattel. If her husband cannot afford to support more than one wife, he still can divorce her with ease and be free to marry again.

It is not conventional for men and women to make dates. Should a respectable woman be found conversing with a man not of the family, scandal will result and sudden death is apt to overtake one or both parties. Ladies never attend parties with men and seldom eat or drink with them even in the family.

When Moslem men want the company of women at a party, they engage a troupe of professional dancing girls. These professionals have a unique social position, not as low as that of the prostitute, but still somewhat degraded. They are said to be more interesting company than the Moslem wife because they get around a great deal and know all the answers. They dance for the men, not with them. Men have dances of their own, but when a Moslem gentleman is seen dancing it is usually a sign that he is a bit plastered.

Rules for Health

In the rural parts of much of North Africa, especially in the Spanish Zone of Morocco, sanitation is very poor. An important rule to follow: do not eat food sold by native vendors in the street or in small shops.

The principal diseases of the country are typhus, malaria, syphilis, all of the typhoid variants, skin diseases and amoebic dysentery. One form of typhus in North Africa is carried by lice; another form, similar to our Rocky Mountain fever, is transmitted by ticks. Syphilis and yaws are very prevalent. In some areas almost 100 per cent of the population is affected.

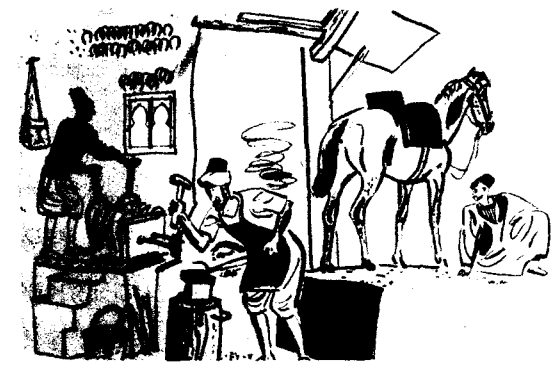
Great care should be taken in regard to drinking water. Filter the water whenever possible. Avoid drinking from streams and public wells and fountains, above all those in centers of habitation. The safest rule is to drink water from a chlorinated lister bag. When that isn't possible and you are among Moslems it is a good idea to drink it in the form of tea.

Do's and Don'ts

Don't enter mosques. If you come near a mosque, look away and keep moving.

Discuss something else—never women or religion—with Moslems.

Remember that the Moslems are very modest



people and avoid any exposure of the body in their presence.

Don't drink liquor in the presence of Moslems and don't give them alcoholic drinks.

Knock before seeking admission into a house. If a woman answers, wait outside until she has had time to retire.

Take off your shoes before entering a room—leave your socks on.

When you see grown men walking hand in hand, ignore it. They are not "queer."

Avoid any expression of race prejudice. The Moslems draw no color line.

Bargain on prices. Don't let shopkeepers or merchants overcharge you. But be polite.

Use common sense on all occasions. These people are basically no different from anyone else.

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Keeping Up with the Comics

Terry and the Pirates has been conspicuous lately by the absence of luscious women in clinging gowns. This is because most of the action has been taking place in the wilds of Outer Mongolia where Flip Corkin' is captive of a Jap agent. The agent has the village yokels believing he is a Chinese pilot and that the white star on U. S. planes is a Nazi marking. With this ruse he forces Corkin' to send this message for help to an American Air Base:

I am down in a town the messenger can show you on the map. You can reach it by air transport in a few hours. Ceiling is fairly even all day. Come in on landing area the local coolies are levelling. Badly hurt white girl with me—she's a mighty pretty chick. Hurry.
—FLIP CORKIN

Base headquarters send an armed transport with a jeep, knowing from a code in Flip's message that trouble is afoot. Flip is freed. Can you find the key to Flip's code? Solution is at the bottom of this column. But try to work it out first.

The Gumps. Tilda, the Gumps' housekeeper, finds herself the object of a handsome marine's devotion. He likes her cooking and will put up with her malformed countenance in order to eat her apple pies. One Sir Buffington Brunch is also smitten and spends his time flirting with Tilda.

This Brunch is obviously a phoney but Madame DeStross falls for him, too. Uncle Bim gives Tilda a $1,000 bill to give up Brunch. This is gravy because Tilda was going to anyway.

Superman is still trying to prevent Lois Lane from finding out that he is really Clark Kent, or that Clark Kent is Superman. It's all in the way you look at it, but from where we're sitting it takes X-ray eyes. Anyhow Superman is still tossing freight cars around and flying through the air like a B-17 with his bomb bay open. He is ferreting out a guy named Conklin who is going to wreck the railroad terminal. In the process, some of The Voice's henchmen tie him to a railroad track. The Voice evidently is a very evil man with vocal chords. Superman disposes of a freight train in short order by pushing it backward.

Dick Tracy, the indestructible flatfoot, has finally caught Prune Face, archenemy of society. He did it in a very clever way. Prune Face was barricaded in a house where he was running around in a pair of pajamas with one leg in a cast. Tracy busts all the windows and Prune Face is forced to surrender because the temperature is 4 degrees above zero. With PF out of the way, Tracy returns to Frizzle Top, the gun moll gone straight.

Solution to Flip Corkin code: Use the dots of the i's and the crosses of the t's as Morse code dots and dashes and you get JAP HERE TRAP. Neat, what?

Lenore Aubert

[illegible] pre-war Vienna [illegible] the way this week. She [illegible] American film debut in the RKO Radio comedy, "They Got Me Covered" which stars Bob Hope.

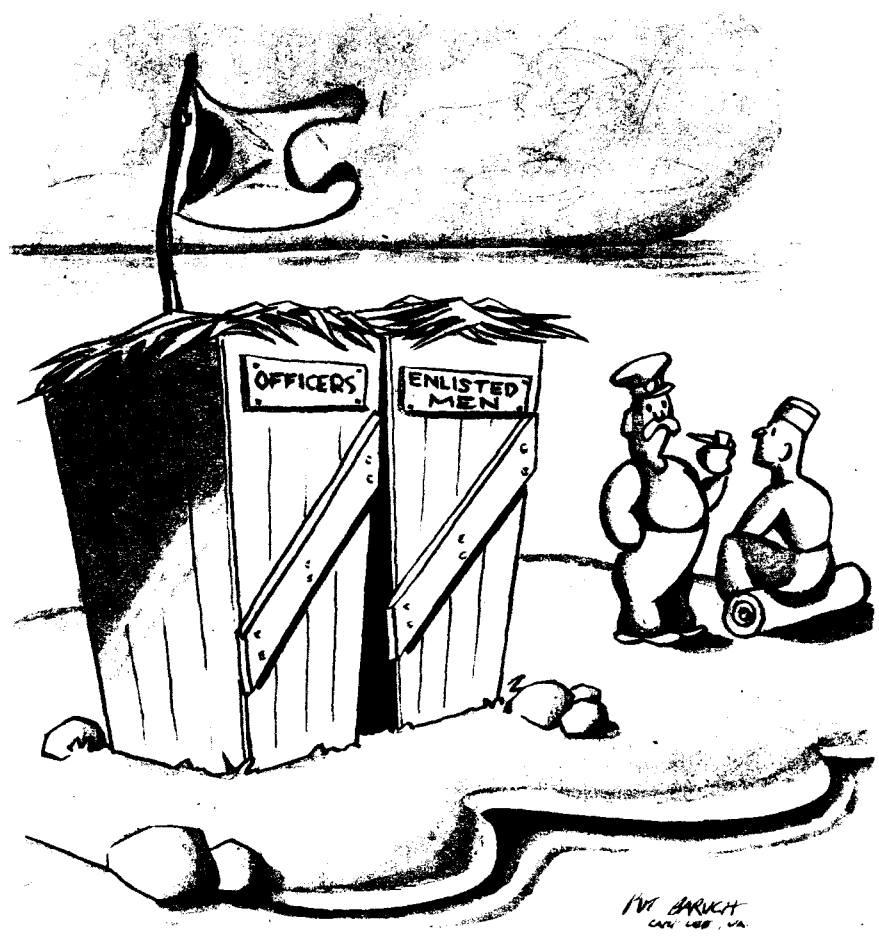
CURRENT EVENTS QUIZ

By Sgt. IRVING L. FIELD, *Camp Skokie, Ill.*

Each right answer counts five points. 60 is passing; 70, fair; 80, good; 90 or more, excellent.

1. When MacArthur left the Philpines for Australia, he was succeeded by
   a) Gen. Lloyd Fredenall
   b) Gen. Jonathan Wainwright
   c) Gen. Joseph Stilwell
   d) Gen. Lewis Brereton.
2. The Boeing Flying Fortress is otherwise known as
   a) B25 c) B19
   b) B24 d) B17.
3. The Baruch committee investigated the
   a) Steel shortage
   b) U-boat menace
   c) Rubber situation
   d) Pay-as-you-go tax.
4. The Suez Canal links the Mediterranean with the
   a) Red Sea c) Caspian Sea
   b) Black Sea d) Baltic Sea.
5. Name England's Foreign Secretary.
   a) Sir Archibald Sinclair
   b) Arthur Greenwood
   c) Sir Stafford Cripps
   d) Anthony Eden.
6. Field Marshal Mannerheim is the military head of
   a) Sweden c) Estonia
   b) Finland d) Switzerland.
7. Known as the "Quisling" of France is
   a) Eduard Herriot
   b) Pierre Laval
   c) Gen. Giraud
   d) Leon Blum
8. Unofficial reports have it that the Emperor of Japan uses a diving suit to review his fleet. True or not, name him.
   a) Banzai c) Tani
   b) Kurusu d) Hirohito.
9. Mussolini's famous "Mare Nostrum" slogan referred to the
   a) Brenner Pass
   b) Adriatic Sea
   c) Mediterranean Sea
   d) Island of Corsica.
10. Archangel is a well known port in
    a) England c) France
    b) Russia d) Germany.
11. Leon Henderson resigns and the OPA gets a new boss. Name him.
    a) James F. Byrnes
    b) Prentiss M. Brown
    c) William Jeffers
    d) Will Rogers Jr.
12. Name the Russian Ambassador to the U. S.
    a) Litvinoff c) Kaganovich
    b) Maisky d) Timoshenko
13. He is known as the "Food Czar."
    a) Paul V. McNutt
    b) Jesse Jones
    c) Harold Ickes
    d) Claude R. Wickard.
14. Which one of the following German generals was known as the desert fox?
    a) Zeitzler
    b) Nehring
    c) Von Rundstedt
    d) Rommel.
15. Which of the following cities is closest to Tokyo?
    a) Vladivostock
    b) Nome
    c) Singapore
    d) Darwin.
16. Name the man who is the head of Selective Service.
    a) Emory Land
    b) Lewis B. Hershey
    c) William Leahy
    d) Philip Murray.
17. Eduard Benes is the exiled President of
    a) Spain
    b) Czechoslovakia
    c) Austria
    d) Belgium.
18. Who is Commanding General of the 5th U. S. Army in Africa?
    a) Ralph Mitchell
    b) Ira Eaker
    c) Mark W. Clark
    d) James Doolittle.
19. Stockholm is the capital of
    a) Finland c) Holland
    b) Sweden d) Norway.
20. Gen. Bernard L. Montgomery's middle initial stands for
    a) Louis c) Lindsey
    b) Leonard d) Law.

(Answers on page 22.)



COMPANY STREET

Names

Pvts. John Marshall, Charles Laughton, Dick Tracy and Gildersleeve (nicknamed The Great) are bunkmates at **Camp Wheeler,** Ga. On the pay roll of **Fort Devens,** Mass., are privates named General Grant, Major Robertson, Captain Wimbley and Lieutenant Mallone.

Youth and Age

Sgt. Johnny Maras of an Army Infantry unit was picked up at an **eastern port of embarkation,** honorably discharged and sent home to mother in Milwaukee, Wis. Reason: he was 15 years old. Exploded ex-Sarge Johnny: "Some _____ turned me in. Now, wasn't that lousy?" . . . Too old for armed service, 72-year-old Richard W. Baldwin, QM major in the first World War, enlisted in the Merchant Marine, is now an able-bodied seaman on a **South Pacific** transport.

Johnny Maras

Honors

Pvt. Herbert W. Henderson, **Camp Davis,** N C., rescued his buddy Pvt. George Kincaid from atop a power-line pole, risked electrocution from high-voltage wires, received a Soldiers Medal for "outstanding courage and skill." . . . M/Sgt. James Reading, **Williams Field,** Ariz., was honored with a full regimental parade on the 30th anniversary of his service in the Army.

The Women

WAAC yardwren Ruth Ballard, **Fort Devens,** Mass., peeled onions on KP, and cried and cried. Someone took her picture, it was published in the newspapers, and WAAC Ballard received 200 letters, a cookbook, an invite to dinner, and all kinds of information except how to duck KP. . . . Helen Hall was honorably discharged from the WAVES at the **Los Angeles** (Calif.) Recruiting Center because her husband had a lower naval rating. She enlisted in the WAACs, became the first WAVE to become a WAAC.

Ruth Ballard

Guardhouse Report

Howard L. Bowen, as a civilian carpenter, built the **Merced** (Calif.) Army Flying School guardhouse; then turned himself in as Pvt. Howard L. Bowen, AWOL from a Texas Army post, became his guardhouse's first customer. . . . An MP at **Camp Wolters,** Tex., passed out while guarding two prisoners, was revived by his two prisoners.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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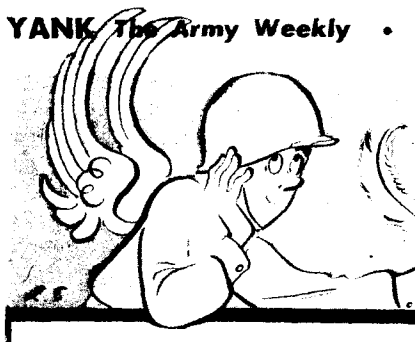


THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

TO THE DAY OF RECKONING

'Twas the night before Sunday,
Just outside the fort;
There were eight boys in khaki,
Eight men—and a quart.
They drank "chuck-a-luck" and downed the booze;
That's a soldier's pet toast to down the blues.

As they made their way homeward,
Each wearing a grin,
The rain came a-pouring—
They got soaked to the skin.
The puddles were plenty, both sides of the street,
So they walked in the road, protecting their feet.

As they passed the main outpost
Still singing with glee,
They were halted and cursed
By a lanky MP.
"Disorderly conduct — disturbing the peace":
That's just what he told the chief of police.

The time: Two weeks later.
The place: Dan's cafe.
The eight boys in khaki
Sit drinking away.
They all drink a toast (though already plastered):
"Here's to that MP—the tall, lanky devil."

This rhyme has a moral
As you'll find in time.
It's a real, true-life story
Of eight buddies of mine.
They all learned their lesson—"crime does not pay,"
But God help that MP if they meet him some day.

—Cpl. JOSEPH LEE
Fort Benning, Ga.

A WORD TO THE WISE

No matter how spouted or bellowed or shouted
Or scowlingly, howlingly hissed,
Of all of the words at the top kick's command
The sweetest, by far, is "Dismissed."

—Lt. RICHARD ARMOUR
Antiaircraft Artillery

SONG OF AN EXILE FROM ALASKA

Ship me somewheres north of 56
To the land they say God doesn't know,
Where man is master of destiny
And free as the winds that blow.

For the husky dogs are howling
And it's there that I would be,
On that old Yukon River
Drifting lazy to the sea.

I'll take that road to Alaska,
Where the sunsets flare forlorn
And the little kit fox cries in the night
Up where the storms are born.

Yes, I'll hit the cold road to Alaska,
Where Borealis meets the day
And the dawn lights up the icebergs
Like diamonds in the bay.

I'm sick of wasting leather on a gritty city street,
For I hear the North a-calling and I'm getting itchy feet.
And I'm learning here in Gotham what the old-timer tells,
If you've heard the Northland calling, you won't heed nothin' else

—Pfc. JAMES A. YOUNG
Staten Island Terminal, N. Y.

A RESERVED SEAT

A soldier at the pearly gates,
With face quite worn and old,
Meekly asked the man of fate
For admission to his fold.

"What have you done," said St. Peter,
"To gain admission here?"
"I was in Company L, 129,"
Said the soldier, drawing near.

The gates swung sharply open,
St. Peter rang a bell.
"Come in," said he, "take up your harp,
You've had enough of hell."

There were beautiful angels everywhere;
His peace had come at last.
Then thought he, "My company—
I'll get them all a pass."

So he turned to old St. Peter,
Saying, "Sir, could one more favor be mine?"
May I reserve this area for Company L,
The pride of 129?"

—Pvt. CARL GRABIG
South Pacific

WEATHER REPORT

While jungle fighting in New Guinea
It must be cooler to be skinny.
Alaska is another matter
For there it's warmer to be fatter.
When temperatures are minus zero
It's tough as hell to be a hero,
And so is intrepidity
In spite of the humidity.
So take the hint, each fighting man,
The weather's pleasant in Japan.

—Pvt. Y. GUY OWEN
1st Decontamination Unit

ADVICE TO YOUNG ROOKIES

Girls who are busty
Are apt to be lusty.

Mascaraed maidens with manners cute
Dwell in houses of ill repute.

Ladies with slant eyes
Aren't necessarily spies.

Ladies who the wrong way went
Sprinkle their bosoms with hyascent.

When a girl says, "I love you like a brother,"
Find another.

The country girl
Is plenty virile.

Ladies who accost you on a well-lit street
Are indiscreet.

—Pvt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT
Scott Field, Ill.

ENCIRCLEMENT

It will take no great diplomacy
And very little tact
To draw up an armistice
Between the AEF and WAAC.

—Sgt. WALTER STEWART
Army Flying School, Greenville, Miss.

SADISTIC OLD SERGEANT

I want three good typists
With nice finger nails.
Let's go, fellers!
Grab three mops and pails!

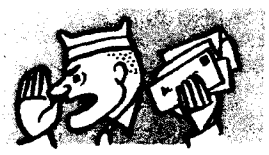
I want three college guys
Who speak Latin and Greek.
Get a monkey wrench apiece
And fix that leak!

I want three smart guys
Who are nice and clean.
Get into your fatigues
And scrub the latrine!

The rest of you guys
Who ain't so wise
And never went to any schools,
Don't hang aroun'
Here's a pass to town,
You thick-skulled, empty fools!

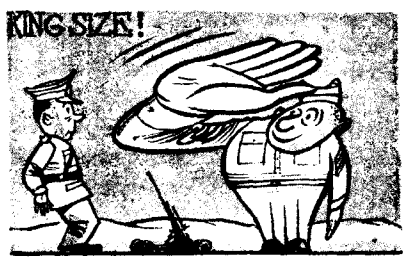
—Pvt. MURRAY B. SCHOEN
Fort Belvoir, Va.

Mail Call



Dear YANK:
In YANK of Sept. 16 Pvt. Steve Bayur of Fort Jackson, S. C., refers to the Medical Corps as the "heaven for conscientious objectors." I resent this statement as I have been in the Medical Corps since February, 1935. I object to dopes like Pvt. Bayur who can't seem to see beyond the end of their noses. Perhaps he has been seeing too many Dr. Kildare pictures.

—M/Sgt. EARL R. BRANDT
Australia



Dear YANK:
I've been told I have an enormous hand. I haven't any photo to show you so I'll give you the measurements. Length of fingers: thumb, 3½ inches; second, 4 inches; middle, 4½ inches; ring, 4¼ inches; small, 3¼ inches. Across knuckles, 4 inches. Across palm, 5 inches. Length from wrist to end of fingers, 9½ inches. I've tried to get a pair of gloves to fit me but as yet haven't succeeded. So I do without.

—Sgt. JOSEPH FABUS JR.
Camp Wallace, Tex.

Ed. Note: Anybody got bigger meat-hooks than the sergeant?

Dear YANK:
The boys here at Bolling Field enjoyed very much the song "Battle Scarred" [YANK, Feb. 3]. We have been singing it a great deal, so send thanks to Cpl. John Readey and Pvt. Albert Kohn.

—Cpl. SOLOMON ABRAMSON
Bolling Field, D. C.

Dear YANK:
In the story entitled "Hot Bridge" [YANK, Jan. 20], one paragraph reads: "Gee Dee it, the captain says. I'm going to put this whole company on KP, I'm going to transfer them all to the QMC. This'll ruin me with regimental." This article was written by a Sgt. Harry Brown. Is he winning this war all by himself in his spare time and writing fiction during duty hours, or vice versa? We do not claim to be any better but we feel our part in this war is just as important as the next guy's. Right?

—Det. 913th Quartermaster Corps
BTC No. 8, Fresno, Calif.

The above letter was signed by S/Sgt. Bert F. Gizewski, Sgt. Walter L. Sisk Jr., T/5 Joseph S. Labboto, Pvt. Leonard J. Kozlowski, Pfc. James A. Campbell, Cpl. Harold L. Connett, T/5 Sam S. Bevinetto, Pvt. Carmine N. Alveari, Pfc. Shelby K. Petersen, Pvt. John Caplico, Pvt. Tracy Bennett, Pvt. Leonard P. Kidneigh, Pfc. John E. Cronin, Pvt. Ed J. Murphy, Cpl. W. E. Baldwin, T/3 George F. Plitt, S/Sgt. Melvin J. Kamma.

Ed. Note: Right. But not Sgt. Brown. He's overseas, which is no spare-time occupation.

Dear YANK:
In regard to a letter from the Alcan Highway, Canada [YANK, Dec. 23, overseas edition], I think the lot of you should be entered under the heading of "Sad Sack." What are you beefing about? Why not be thankful you are not having the presence of Japs along with the absence of women? Stop worrying about wandering through 500 miles of Canada. How would you like several thousand miles of the Pacific, then bed down, so to speak, in a nice wet swamp?

—Sgt. HERBERT RAMMELSBERG
Fiji Islands

Dear YANK:
Ninety per cent of our organization are subscribers to YANK, while the Marines borrow copies from soldiers.

—1st Sgt. THOMAS McCARTHY
England

Dear YANK:
In connection with your story on the original STARS AND STRIPES [YANK Feb. 10] it might be appropriate to mention that at least seven of the original staff are again in the service: Lt. Col. Egbert White, with YANK in North Africa; Lt. Col. J. T. Winterich, with the PRO in Washington; Maj Adolf Ochs, in England; Maj. Dan Miller, in London; Maj. Peter Goza, with the Engineers; Capt. William J. Slator, Aberdeen Proving Ground; and Lt. Edward Hipps, with the Coast Guard.

—Capt. WILLIAM J. SLATOR
Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.

Dear YANK:
I have just seen and enjoyed reading the colorful article on Airborne Aviation Engineers in the Feb. 3 YANK. Col. Woodbury and I both feel somewhat embarrassed because of the credit given to ourselves and the omission of other names equally deserving. In all these activities we have had the fine support of the Chief of Engineers and his Engineer Board. Lt. Col. E. I. Davis of the Engineer Board, who worked intensively for months on the details of equipment, is particularly deserving of mention The excellent cooperation of Gen. Borum and the Troop Carrier Command in furnishing planes for training should also be mentioned. Col. Ulysses G. Jones, Air Corps, commanding officer at Westover Field, has been in administrative charge and most helpful in the organization and training of these and other aviation engineer units. They have also had fine support from the staff of the First Air Force at Mitchel Field, under whose supervision they were organized. Col. David A. Morris, Corps of Engineers, has more recently been assigned to command the Provisional 925th Airborne Engineer Aviation Regiment, at Westover Field. The only other comment that occurs to me is a word of explanation to offset any possible implication that Engineer equipment will in general, in the future, be airborne. The great bulk of the equipment used by the Engineers of the Air Forces and Ground Forces is too heavy to transport by plane.

—S. C. GODFREY
Brigadier General, U. S. Army
Air Engineer

Dear YANK:
As leader of a dance band somewhere in England, we are in a spot where we cannot get music. We are touring England, playing for soldier audiences everywhere. Our principal stop was London where we played for 16 nights. Playing the same tunes since coming over is making the band stale. Therefore, we thought you would help us by sending us your Special Service Library.

—WO FRANK J. ROSATO
England

Dear YANK:
We are urgently in need of any and all kinds of orchestrations. We had one dance band in our organization upon our arrival in this country but readily saw the need for more, and formed another complete band from the remaining members of our organization.

—Pfc. JOSEPH FRANK
North Ireland

Ed. Note: Eighteen orchestrations are on their way to Pfc. Frank and to WO Rosato.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

VOL. 1, NO. 37
MAR. 5, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

DEAD MEN'S WORDS

A QUICK REFRESHER COURSE we took this week on what America meant to the old-timers turned up the lesser known quotations printed below. We offer them to Adolf and Benito as proof that our form of government is not outmoded. The guys who said these things have been dead some time; the ideas are peculiarly potent today.

"The cause of America and liberty is the cause of every virtuous American citizen, whatever may be his religion or descent."—G. Washington.

"Our cause is the cause of all mankind. We are fighting for their liberty in defending our own."—Ben Franklin.

"We fight not to enslave but to set a country free, and to make room upon the earth for honest men to live in."—Tom Paine.

"Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it."—Abe Lincoln.

"The greatest glory of a free born people is to transmit that freedom to their children."—John Harvard.

"It is not an army we must train for war; it is a nation."—Woodrow Wilson.

Our favorite of all of them, though, is this from Tom Jefferson:

"The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of tyrants. It is its natural manure."

STRICTLY G.I.

More Dope on 38s

FOR THE SAKE of the record, here's the latest summary of the WD ruling allowing discharge of enlisted men 38 and over.

May 1 is the deadline for submitting to the CO written request for discharge. But the time can be extended in the case of an individual who did not have reasonable opportunity to file his application—for example, due to absence.

G.I.s in foreign service are given an additional month to apply. Due to communication difficulties, they will *not* be required to present evidence of future employment in an essential industry, including agriculture. However, for military reasons, no man will be returned from overseas until a trained replacement is present and available. Also, transportation must be available.

No enlisted man will be discharged unless his 38th birthday falls on or before February, 28, 1943, and he must have enlisted or have been inducted on or before that date.

Chaplain's Report

Church attendance in the Army for the three months ending Sept. 30, 1942, totalled 9,345,197, the Chief of Army Chaplains reports. This figure does *not* include church-going dogfaces overseas. During that same period Army chaplains married off 10,414 soldiers, baptized 2,006 persons, "including infants," and visited camp guardhouses 139,597 times.

Hard Liquor Taboo For Officers

A new WD circular decrees commissioned officers, like enlisted men, must do their serious drinking from now on outside post areas. The order forbids sale of anything stronger than 3.2 beer on "any premises used for military purposes by the U. S." Officers Clubs, the order heartlessly adds, have been ordered to dispose of all liquor stocks "immediately."

New Fire Control

A 15-ounce pressure transmitter, made by the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., is helping safeguard the lives of Army bomber and pursuit pilots by reducing cockpit fire hazards. The new device eliminates gasoline and oil pipe-lines to the plane indicator, and so keeps these lines safely beyond the protective fire wall.

G.I. for Army Nurses

In hot spots like Bataan, Army nurses had to borrow slacks, boots and steel helmets from soldiers to supplement their feminine government issue. Prompted by overseas commanders, the WD has decided that the Nurses' Corps is old enough to have long pants of its own and have issued the gals two-piece slack suits, ankle-high field boots and steel helmets.

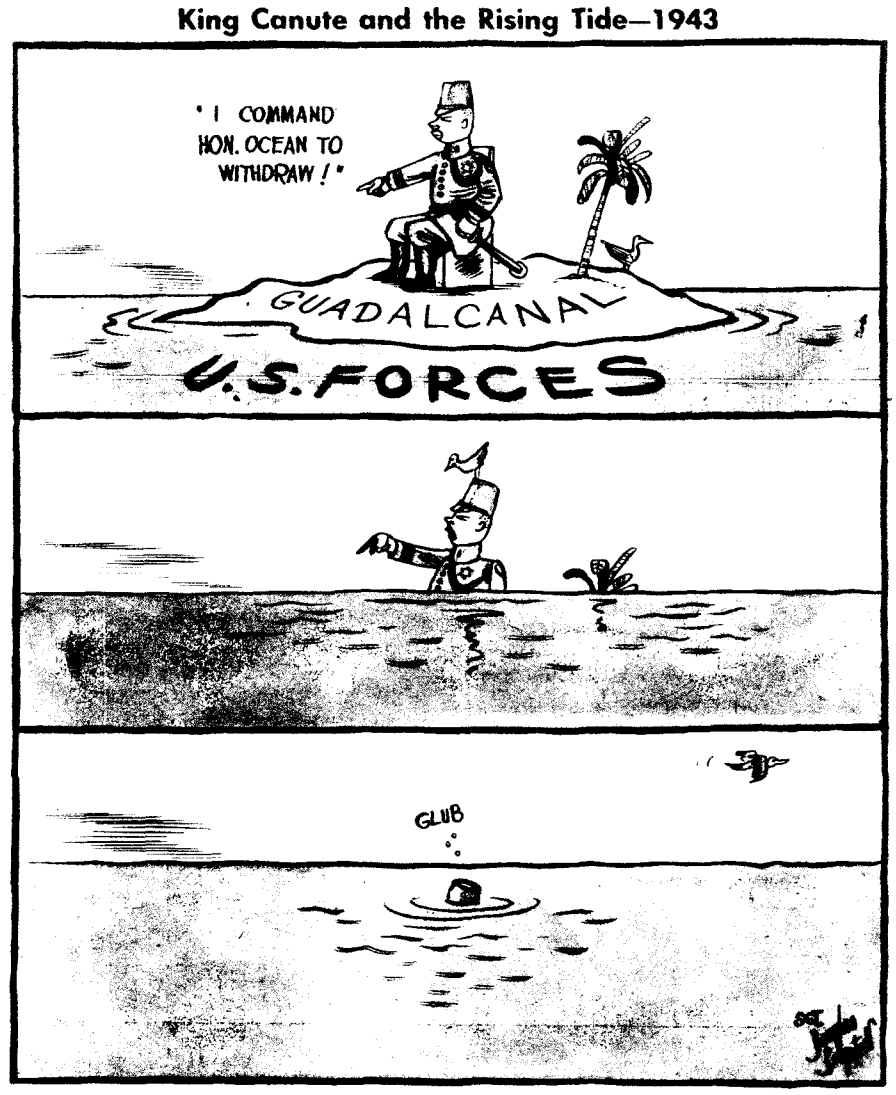
Legal Advice

For G.I.s who need legal advice but can't afford to pay for it, free bureaus are being opened near Army camps all over the country. Under the supervision of the American Women's Voluntary Services, local lawyers will help soldiers solve legal problems which have arisen since they joined the service, such as allotment payments to dependents, leases and liabilities on installment purchases.

Female Marines

Women have finally taken over the last stronghold of the services. The Commandant of the Marine Corps has announced the establishment of the United States Marine Corps Women's Reserve. With women in the Marines, the fair sex now has the situation well in hand.

King Canute and the Rising Tide—1943



Items That Require No Editorial Comment

This Little Pig Went to Market

A plump little pig was on sale at the market of a Norwegian coast village, but, strangely enough, nobody wanted to buy him. Instead, the village housewives looked the little fellow all over, giggled, and went their ways. The suspicious Gestapo investigated, found the baby porker painted on one side with a large swastika, on the other with the doleful inscription "What else could I be?"

Who Laughed Last?

Lord Haw Haw, the Englishman who yaps for Hitler over the Berlin radio, was summarizing the late war news in Russia for his Canadian public. "And now, my friends," said Haw Haw, "the lying British press is crowing over the so-called Russian victory at Stalingrad. They are even predicting that Kursk will fall. As if they could ever take Kursk, which has been in our hands for 17 months. . . ."

Two days later the Russians took Kursk.

They're Going to Hell

Robert Ley, the Nazi strength-through-joy expert gave the German people an idea where they may wind up in their search for *lebensraum*. Speaking before party Gauleiters of Eastern Europe, the Joy Man orated: "We must follow our Fuehrer wherever he may lead us. Yes, if he leads us to drive the devil himself out of hell, we will follow him there."

Service in Silence

A soldier at Camp Roberts, Calif., was sentenced to six months at hard labor. He also must forfeit $28 from his pay each month for six months. He was found guilty by a special court martial of making public to unauthorized persons the fact that he was to be transferred in a troop movement on a specific day to a certain destination.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, Sgt. John Bushemi. 9, left, Acme; center, PA; right, INP. 10, WW. 11, INP. 12 and 13, Bushemi. 16, RKO Radio. 17, Acme. 20 and 21, M. B. Paul, Columbia Studios. 22, upper left and right, PA; lower left and right, Acme. 23, upper right, INP; bottom, PA.

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army, and is for sale only to those in the Armed Services.

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THEY FIGHT WITH FILM

Hollywood's high-priced movie experts are now marching to work in privates' and corporals' uniforms, making a new kind of pictures for the Army.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

HOLLYWOOD—In a matter of three or four months, the movies will be coming to the fighting zones. This does not mean that Veronica Lake will be functioning as an auxiliary heater in the Nissen huts of Alaska, or that Abbott and Costello will be dangling by their tails from the palm trees of North Africa. It does mean that the Army itself will provide film entertainment and education for U.S. troops everywhere.

Films in the front lines are nothing new. The Germans and the Russians have been doing it for a long time. In Stalingrad, for instance, a movie was shown to the Soviet defenders, explaining that their reserves had been sent to the more vital Voronezh front, and that the entire free world was counting on them to hold on. Because they knew *why* their reserves had been withdrawn, they fought all the harder.

Now the U.S., too, is beginning to divert the great weight of its motion picture industry into G.I. channels. A crack Army film production unit of officers and soldiers now is producing movies exclusively for the Army. Special Service companies attached to every theater of operations already have 16-mm equipment to show these films.

A Typical G.I. Film Program

Based on present schedules, this will be a typical G.I. program:

1) A complete and up-to-date news reel containing more complete material than the civilian news reels at home.

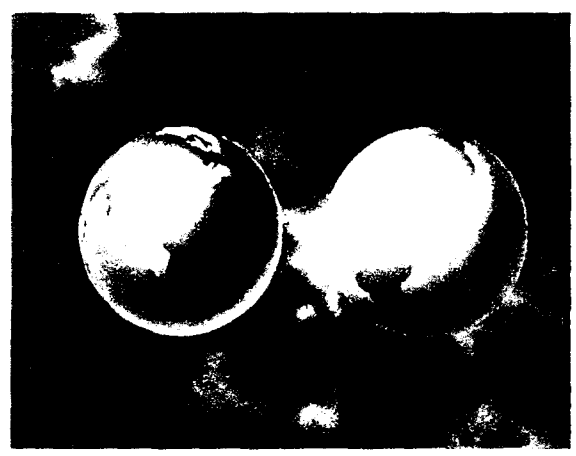
2) A G.I. animated cartoon, "Private Snafu," who is always getting into Donald Duckish complications by forgetting things he is supposed to remember. He even falls into latrines.

3) The story of the American naval victory in the Solomons, told with animated maps and exclusive Navy films.

4) A screen dramatization of the M1 rifle, taken from an article in YANK.

5) A feature film, "Prelude to War," first in a series called "Why We Fight." In this film, Walter Huston, who is the narrator, says, "Why do we fight? What put us into uniform?" Then on the screen, a map of the world splits off into *two* worlds. One is light, the other dark. Underneath, the following words appear: "This is a fight between a free and a slave world.—Vice President Henry A. Wallace, New York, May 8, 1942." The film shows how in the tortured 1930s these two worlds split apart: our world—the free, and the Axis world—the slave. It shows the invasion of Manchuria, Mussolini's march on Rome, the ascendancy of Hitler, the destruction of the church, murder, assassination, purge, the regimentation of little children.

These films are the job of an outfit in Hollywood known as the Film Branch, Special Service Division. It is one of the strangest, most complex outfits in the Army. Its personnel, most of whom are attached to the 834th Signal Company at Fort MacArthur, include some of the best technical brains of Hollywood, now in uniform. There are no movie stars here, no glamor. Just writers and directors; hard-working cameramen, cutters and electricians—now listed as privates, corporals and sergeants. They were the unpublicized backbone of the film industry. And in G.I. camera crews all over the world, they are fast becoming the backbone of the Army's orientation program. Their job, as Gen. Marshall himself explained it, "is to acquaint members of the Army with the principles for which we are fighting." Their job, as their own commanding officer, Lt. Col. Frank Capra, explained it, "is to fight the enemy with cameras as well as guns—to help win the victory of the mind, as well as the victory of the battlefield." Helping them are Hollywood's best civilian writers, directors and producers who work nights for free whenever their services are needed.



"Prelude to War" shows a map of the earth split into two worlds—dark and white, "slave and free."

An officer checks map in front of sketches of animated maps to be used in the filming of "Battle for Russia."

They have taken the siesta out of the old orientation lecture, given it the magic of Hollywood.

The first film, "Prelude to War," recently was released experimentally. It was shown to a few high-ranking civilians, and to a few typical Army units. After the civilians saw the film, movie magnates begged the War Department to allow the picture to be shown to the public.

One of the Army units chosen for audition was an Infantry outfit at Fort McClellan, Ala. The men of this outfit marched into the post theater prepared for another orientation lecture on some phase of the war. Some of them, from long practice, fell asleep in their seats before the theater filled. Instead of a lecture, the men saw "Prelude to War." When it was over, they were awake—and applauding.

"Prelude to War" is only one of several dozen films now approaching completion at the studios of the Army's own Film Division. "Prelude" itself is the first in a series, the titles of which have been tentatively listed as:

Prelude to War	The Nazis Strike
The Fall of Scandinavia, the Low Countries and France	The Battle of Britain
	The Battle of Russia
	The Battle of China
	America at War.

These films involve a complicated editing job. The script of each picture is written by Army

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Enlisted men of the film detachment drill on a Hollywood lot. They can use guns as well as cameras.

T/Sgt. Kurt Herrnfeld and T/Sgt. Jack Milner, old hands in the movie industry, work in cutting rooms.

Lt. William Barnes, detachment commander, points out G.I. details in sketches of cartoon "Pvt. Snafu."

men who once were among Hollywood's highest-priced and most intelligent writers, but they get no individual credits, no publicity in the gossip columns, no interviews in the papers. Then comes the job of getting the proper motion pictures to illustrate the script. Some are historic news-reel clips. Some are hitherto secret captured enemy films. Some are animations made at the Walt Disney studios. Some are production shots, made on location. Some are battle scenes taken by the Film Division's camera crews, or the Navy's expert cameramen anywhere in the world.

Col. Capra and his crew of 25 enlisted-men cutters (who have had an average of 11 years in the cutting room of the major studios) splice and edit the great mass of material until it is precision perfect. It must be precision perfect. They are editing history.

Films Portray Allies and Enemies

Second in the list of projects almost completed are two sister series called "Know Your Enemy" and "Know Your Allies." Here, in one film devoted to each, the German, Japanese, Italian, British, Russian, French and Chinese soldiers are taken apart and examined minutely. One little Army production group (writer, director, cameraman, etc.) is assigned to each film.

Here is Hollywood ingenuity at its finest. This is strictly a production job. Each G.I. director is free to use all the tricks at his command. He does. Also he is free to enlist the best of Hollywood civilian talent to assist him anonymously. Thus, don't be surprised if you think you hear the voice of Charles Boyer narrating the French film, or see Greer Garson in the British. It will be their voices, but they ask no credit, and get none, for helping to win the war.

A Screen Version of YANK

There is another series under way, known tentatively as "The Screen Magazine." A new issue of Screen Magazine will be released bimonthly, and will contain two reels of varied G.I. short subjects. It will, frankly, be a screen version of YANK. You will see motion-picture presentations of important YANK features, in addition to exclusive features and interviews which the wandering Screen Magazine camera crews will pick up all over the world. Regular features of the Screen Magazine will be the cartoon, "Private Snafu," and an analysis of the fighting in the war. In short, it will be to YANK what "March of Time" movie short is to *Time* magazine.

Other individual pictures, worked on independently, round out the present operating schedule of the Army's own Film Division. Typical of these is a full-length feature about officer candidate schools, supervised by Capt. Paul Horgan, the novelist, and directed by two Hollywood directors, Bill Clemens and Ralph Murphy.

Last July, Capt. Horgan was generally minding his business and functioning as a civilian instructor at New Mexico Military Institute. Then he received a message asking him to pay a visit to the War Department in Washington. "Horgan," said Col. Edward L. Munson Jr. of the Special Service Division, "you've had a lot of experience with military education. We'd like you to write us a script for a picture on the Army's OCS system." So Horgan made a swing around the country, visiting all the candidate schools and doing research. Now he's finishing the monumental task, working like mad with two camera crews. When the picture is completed, the Army will dispatch him to duty as an Infantry officer, somewhere in the world.

That's the way the unit works.

Men come and men go. Permanently at the top are Col. Capra, assisted by Maj. Sam Briskin, former general manager of Columbia Studios, as production manager. Less than half of the unit is in Hollywood at any given time. You will find the others wherever there are Army pictures to be made. Maj. Anatole Litvak, for instance, is working under fire with a crew of enlisted men in North Africa right now.

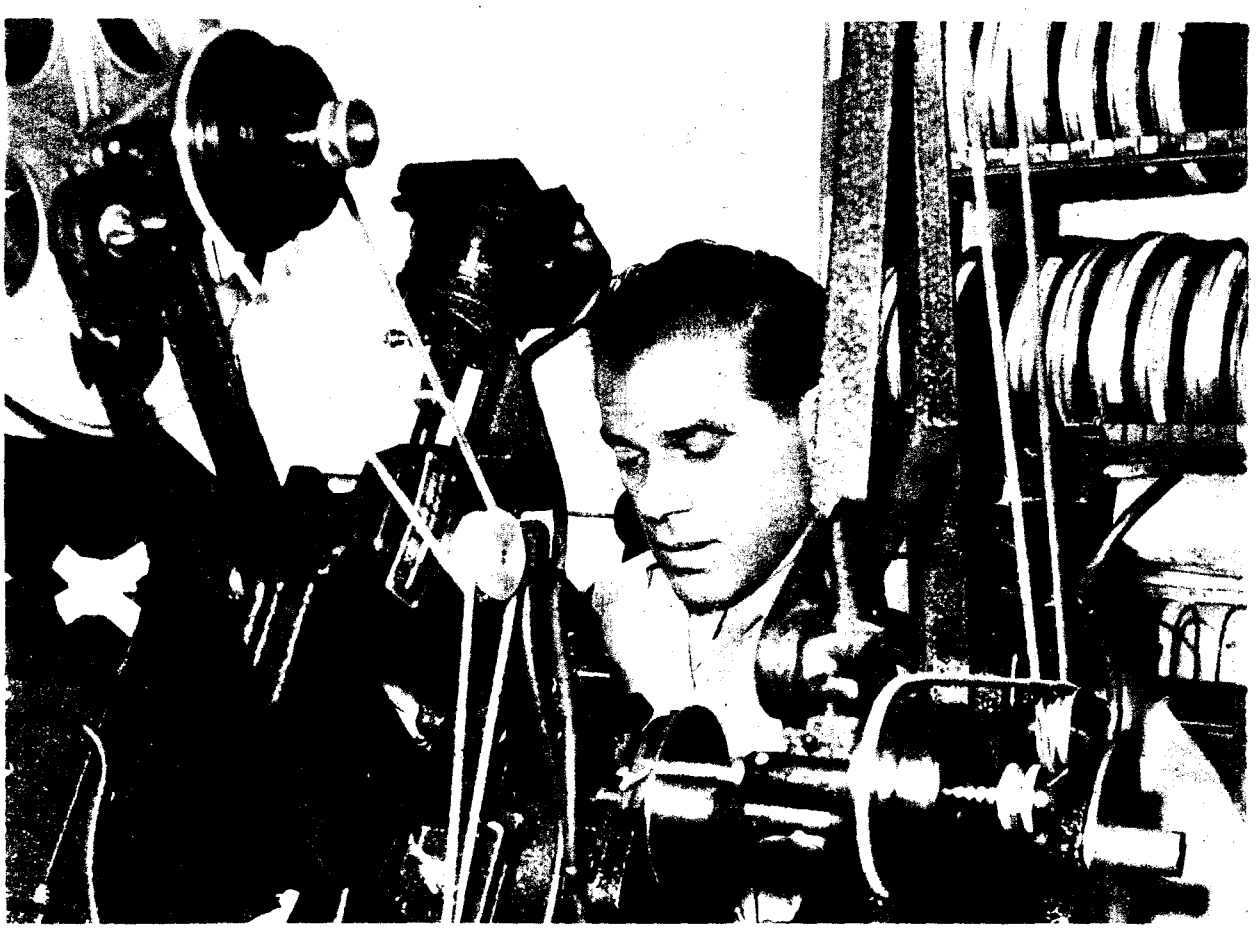
Lt. Col. Warren J. Clear was attached here for a while. He was on Gen. MacArthur's staff and escaped from Corregidor in a submarine, surviving the bloody days of Bataan. Col. Herman Beukema, the great military historian from West Point, was here. So was Maj. Francis Arnoldy, who fought through several campaigns with the French, Russian and American Armies. He was technical advisor on the Russian films. Col. William Mayer, who worked for three years with the Chinese government in bomb-blasted Chungking, assisted on Chinese features.

The enlisted men are old-time Hollywood technicians who were specifically asked to enlist for this job. Most of them are well over 35 and have ben working with the studio for years. Some are veterans of the last war, like 45-year-old Sgt. Cecil Axmear, an electrician; or T/Sgt. Jack Ogilvie, who is 44 and works as a cutter; or 45-year-old sound cutter T/Sgt. Charles Gifford, whose oldest son is in the Pacific with the Navy.

Carry Rifles With Their Cameras

They know their job, which is 1) making motion pictures and 2) fighting. When they go out into the field, they carry full field packs and rifles along with their cameras. When they are in Hollywood, they pull guard duty every five days in addition to their regular work. Three days a week they drill—in the strange setting of a Hollywood lot. They are learning their fighting from experts—Lt. William Barnes, who spent 16 years in the Army as an enlisted man; T/Sgt. Henry Fritsch, the acting first sergeant and head of the research library, who put in several hitches in the National Guard; and M/Sgt. Chester Sticht, a former producer, who served in the Australian Army. They report to their cutting rooms and vaults at 8 A. M., and work sometimes until midnight. Cpl. Cuffe tinkers with his smooth-humming projector, and he knows he is helping to win the victory of the mind. Sgt. McAdam bends over his moviola, and he knows that here Hollywood, stripped of its glamor, is doing its appointed war task.

"We lost the peace the last time," says Col. Capra, a sergeant in the first World War, "because the men of the armed forces were uninformed about what they went to war for—and the nature and type of the enemy they were fighting. None of us here thinks that is going to happen again."



Lt. Col. Frank Capra, commanding officer of the special Service Division's Film Branch, cuts some Army film with a moviola. Col. Capra, a sergeant in the last war, gained fame as a movie director in Hollywood.

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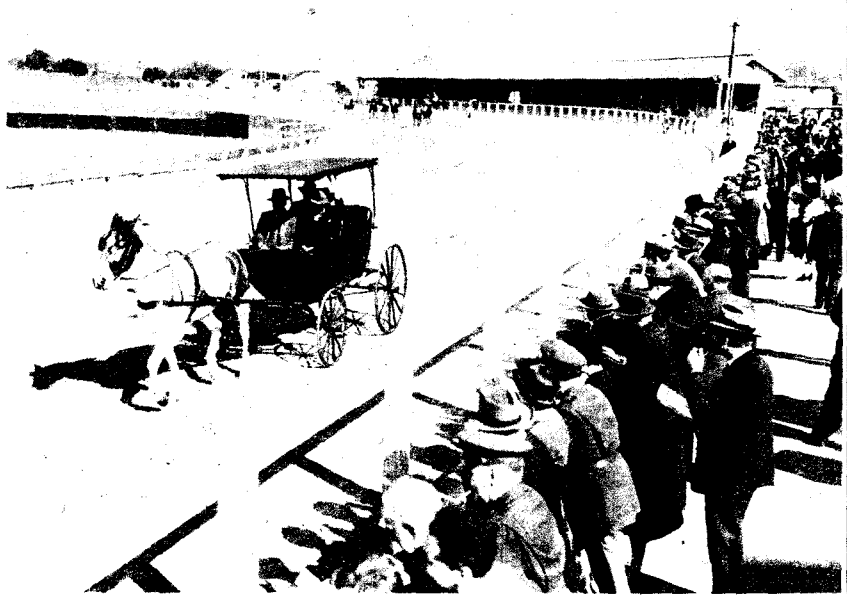
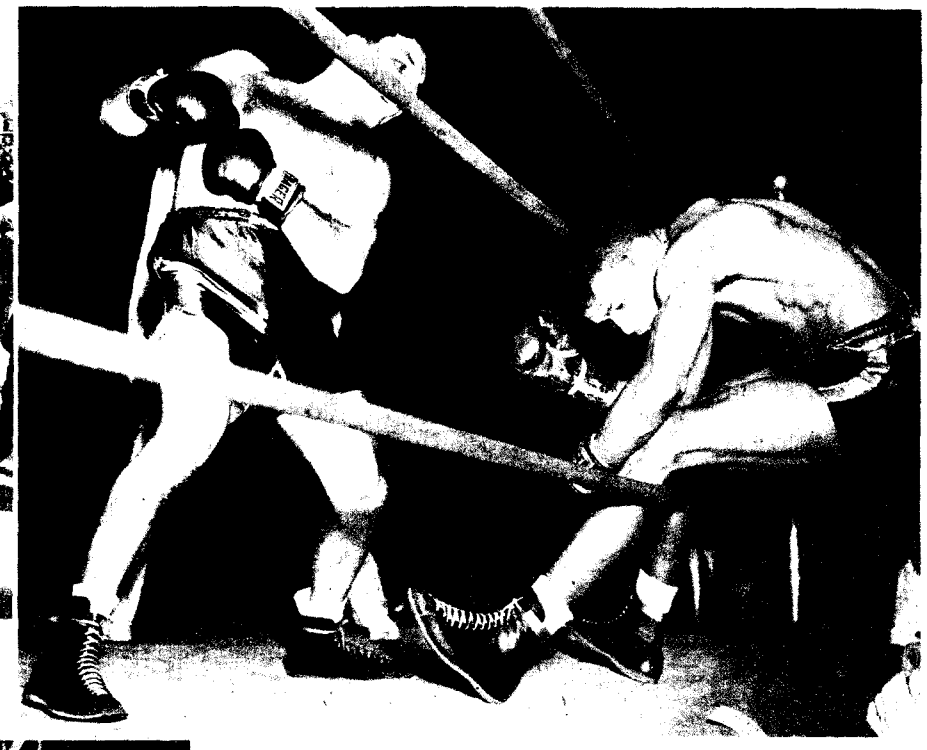
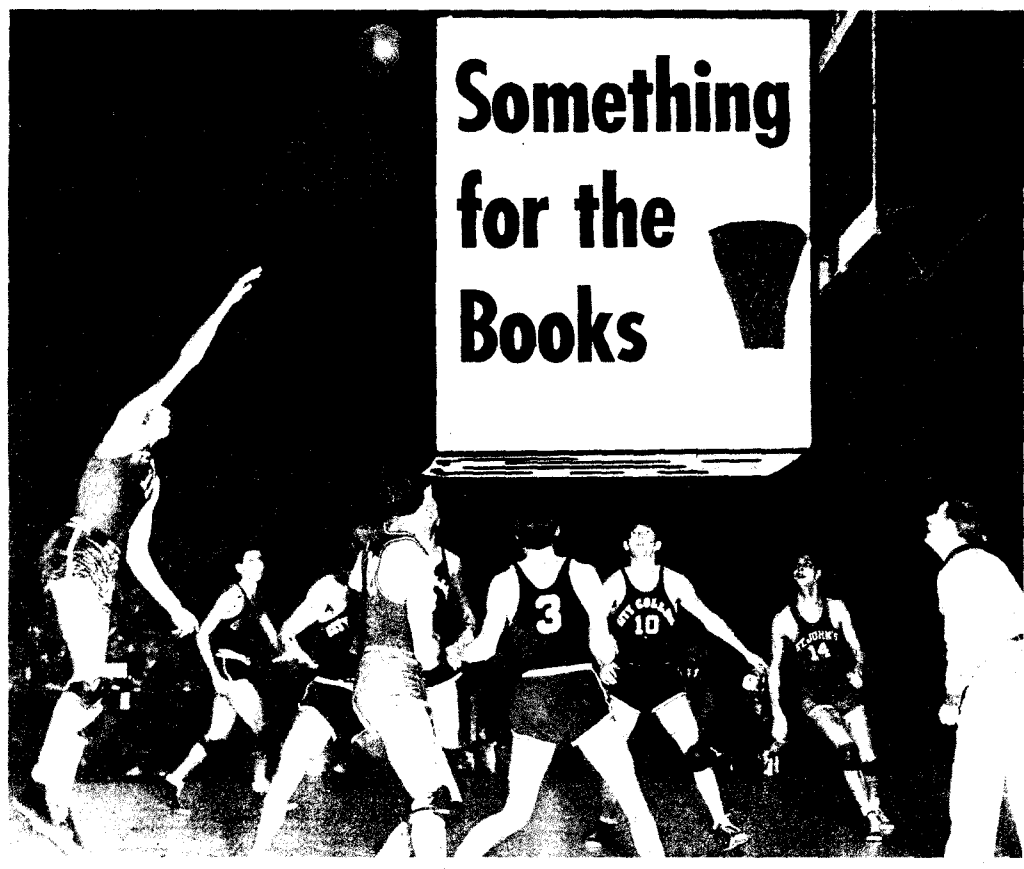


BEFORE GAS BECAME SCARCE, judges at the New Orleans race track used an automobile to ride to their stations from which they watched for fouls. Now they use an old-time horse-drawn surrey.



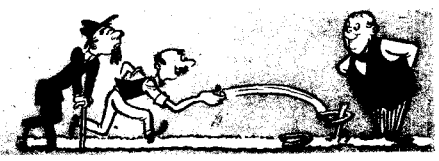
BIGGEST UPSET OF THE YEAR finds Ray Robinson, undefeated in 130 bouts, knocked through the ropes by Jake LaMotta at Detroit. LaMotta took the 10-round decision.



IN AN AMAZING SCORING SPREE, Harry Boykoff, St. John's, broke five Madison Square Garden basketball records. He scored a total of 45 points—18 field goals, 9 fouls. Harry (at left) shows his one-hand technique against City College.

GREATEST POLE VAULTER of all time, Cornelius Warmerdam, holder of the world record of 15′ 7¼″, attempted to make 15′ 4″ in Millrose Games, but couldn't beat 15′ 1½″.

HOME TOWN SPORT NEWS



WASHINGTON, D. C. — Daniel M. Casey, hero of the classic baseball poem, "Casey at the Bat," is dead. He was 80 years old. Casey claimed that Ernest L. Thayer wrote the poem after watching him strike out in a game at Philadelphia in 1887, between the Phillies and Detroit, with the bases full, two out in the ninth and Detroit leading, 4-3. Old Dan was a pitcher for the Philadelphia team.

Greenville, S. C.—The South Atlantic Baseball League, a class B revival of the old Sally circuit, has hauled down its flag for the duration. The league embraced Jacksonville, Fla.; Columbia, Greenville, and Charleston, S. C.; and Augusta, Columbus, Savannah and Macon, Ga.

BALTIMORE, MD.—*Bowie race track, between Washington and Baltimore, will have no racing this year. The halt to Bowie's 1943 meeting was a result of ODT recommendations that tracks not accessible by walking be closed.*

New Orleans, La.—Ray Blades, former pilot of the St. Louis Cardinals, has been named manager of the New Orleans Pelicans, of the Southern Association. He succeeds Pat Ankenman.

ATLANTA, GA. — *Sixteen members of Georgia Tech's Cotton Bowl football team have been ordered to duty by the Army Air Cadet selection board. Heading the list are Clint Castleberry, the freshman halfback who drew All-American notices last year, and Pat McHugh, a solid-hitting junior fullback.*

NEW YORK—The Rangers haven't won a game since Dec. 29, but they're still going great. They just broke a National Hockey League record for the most goals scored by the opposition. The Rangers have already yielded 187—with 12 games left to play. The old record of 184 was established by Pittsburgh in 1929-30.

	W.	L.	T.	Pts.
Boston	22	13	6	50
Detroit	17	9	10	44
Toronto	17	15	5	39
Chicago	13	12	11	37
Montreal	13	16	8	34
Rangers	7	24	6	20

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKERBOARD STRATEGY

a) Red moves 13 to 9. Black must take one of the jumps, let's say 5 to 14. We'll examine the other jump later.

b) Red moves 22 to 25. Black must jump, either 23 to 16, or 21 to 30. It doesn't matter which, because next . . . .

c) Red moves 31 to 26. Black makes the other of his 2 possible jumps.

d) Red moves 6 to 9. Black must jump 30 to 23.

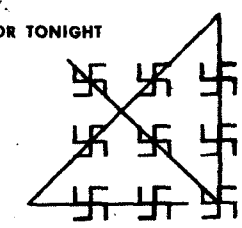
e) Red jumps 9 to 18 to 27 to 20 to 11, copping 5 pieces at once—and RED WINS!

Or, if at a) Black chooses to jump 23 to 16 first, then b) Red moves 30 to 26. Black jumps 5 to 14, c) Red moves 22 to 25, Black jumps 21 to 30. And the rest follows like d) and e) above.

GENERAL MIXUP

1. Victor Mature. 2. Humphrey Bogart. 3. Charles Laughton. 4. Melvyn Douglas. 5. Don Ameche. 6. Charles Boyer. 7. Brian Donlevy. 8. Clark Gable. 9. Tyrone Power. 10. Spencer Tracy.

TARGET FOR TONIGHT



CURRENT EVENTS QUIZ

1. Gen. Jonathan Wainwright. 2. B17. 3. Rubber situation. 4. Red Sea. 5. Anthony Eden. 6. Finland. 7. Pierre Laval. 8. Hirohito. 9. Mediterranean Sea. 10. Russia. 11. Prentiss M. Brown. 12. Litvinoff. 13. Claude R. Wickard. 14. Rommel. 15. Vladivostok. 16. Lewis B. Hershey. 17. Czechoslovakia. 18. Mark W. Clark. 19. Sweden. 20. Law.

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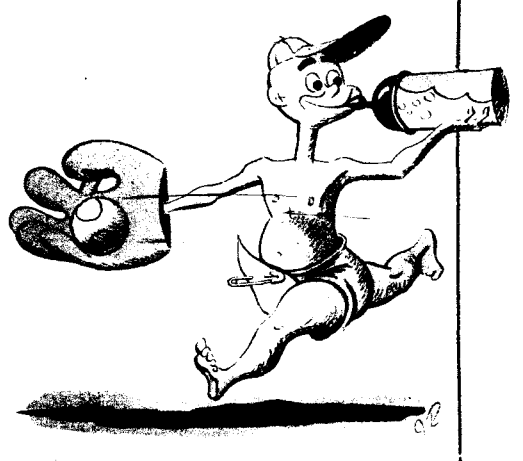
SPORTS: A REPORT ON OF BASEBALL.

LOU BOUDREAU, BOY WONDER HE'S GOT THE "TEAM TO BEAT"

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



"IT'S A GREAT DEAL," they said when Lou Boudreau was made manager of the Cleveland Indians at the advanced age of 24. "They get Baby Sandy for a manager and ruin the best shortstop in the business."

That was November, 1941.

We are happy to report that Boudreau has held up stoutly as manager of the Indians and that he's still a great shortstop. What's more important he has acquired the proper perspective and mental slant that every sound manager should have. Without hesitation, Boudreau now volunteers any number of statements like these:

"I won't say we will win the pennant—but we will be the team to beat in 1943. I'm going to predict that we are going to have as good a year as last year if the boys go out and put on a show that is good."

This kind of talk is good business. Nothing you have said can be held against you. If you win the pennant, then all well and good. You said as much. If you finish eighth, you were still the team they all beat. Besides, you put the issue squarely up to the boys. Managers claim this double-edge jargon is foolproof.

Boudreau learned to speak the language in only two years. When he came up to Cleveland teething on a baseball bat he would frighten manager Oscar Vitt with brazen announcements that "Cleveland would win the American League pennant by four games." After watching Cleveland finish as an undistinguished also-ran that year and Oscar Vitt tumble back to the minors, Lou tossed his predictions around with a little more modesty.

All of his life, Boudreau has been a manager, speaking one language or another. When he was going to grammar school in Harvey, Ill., he organized 10 future captains of industry into a basketball team. He was 12 then. The team enjoyed tremendous success as a razzle-dazzle outfit. They read that the Harlem Globe Trotters, a super hipper-dipper collection of pros, would play in nearby Chicago. The next day the 10 little captains piled into a car, went to see the Trotters trot. The dribble-and-bounce system of the Trotters impressed the kids. They came came back home and worked the same magic into their attack.

Boudreau entered Harvey High School a year ahead of his buddies. As a freshman he played varsity ball. The next year the 10 little captains came along, and for three seasons, they stood the scholastic league on its ear with Lou as their ringleader.

In the spring he tried his hand at baseball with the idea of becoming a catcher. This suited everybody except Lou's old man, who used to be a semi-pro third baseman.

"No son of mine will ever be a catcher," he told Lou. "Play the infield, where you won't get your hands busted up. Besides, it may take you years to become a good catcher."

That was that. Lou played the infield. He was slow afoot, but he always got a fast break on the ball, and he could hit.

The real tip-off on Boudreau's leadership came at the University of Illinois, where as a sophomore he was elected captain of the basketball team. He carried this trust and command gracefully. So it was no surprise when Alva Bradley introduced Lou as manager of the Indians to an unsuspecting baseball world.

Boudreau really began running the Indians from the time he joined the club. Oscar Vitt gave all of the oral orders, but the team watched Boudreau for the signals. Every movement of his body was a cue to a catcher, and infielder or an outfielder. Bradley knew this as well as anybody else and when he turned the Indians over to Boudreau he knew he wasn't gambling.

With the loss of Trosky and Feller, Boudreau was able to drive the Indians into the first division last year. He might do even better this year with Catcher Buddy Rosar filling the big gap in the Tribe lineup.

"If nothing unforeseen happens, we will be the team to beat," Boudreau said.

This is where we came in.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

SGT. JOE LOUIS, the proud papa of a flyweight named Jacqueline, has been ordered to Hollywood to appear in the movie version of "This Is the Army." The Sergeant isn't the first heavyweight champion to face the cameras. **Pvt. Maxie Baer** turned out a slick performance as M. Loy's leading man in "The Prizefighter and the Lady." **Primo Carnera** stumbled through a love-making role in an Italian flicker. **Max Schmeling** was featured in a little thing called "Love in the Ring." **Comdr. Gene Tunney** made "The Fighting Marine" and **Lt. Comdr. Jack Dempsey** headlined the serial, "Daredevil Jack." **Jess Willard** was given "A Fighting Chance" in the picture of the same name.

Stars in the service: **Frank (Creepy) Crespi**, Cardinal infielder, inducted at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.; **Knute Rockne, Jr.**, son of Notre Dame's immortal football coach, inducted at Camp Perry, Ohio; **Frank Gustine**, Pittsburgh second baseman, inducted after being deferred because of a hernia; and **George Zaharias**, former contender for the heavyweight wrestling title. . . . **Seaman Howard Rickey**, formerly of the Cleveland Rams, was cited for disarming a citizen "commando" who was chasing sailors and marines with a stiletto at the gate of Great Lakes Naval Station, Ill. . . . **Jackie Callura**, NBA featherweight champion, has been rejected by the Canadian Army because of flat feet and a bad ear. . . . The Corpus Christi (Tex.) Naval Air Station knocked off Rice Institute in its season's finale and claimed the unofficial basketball championship of the Southwest. Camp Grant, Ill., and Great Lakes are slugging it out for the Mid-West title. Both teams have run roughshod over the Big Ten field, winning more than 30 games each.

SHIPMATES Pee Wee Reese, Phil Rizzuto and Hugh Casey (left to right) study the Bluejacket's manual at the Norfolk (Va.) Naval Station. Reese and Casey were teammates at Brooklyn. Rizzuto was a Yankee.

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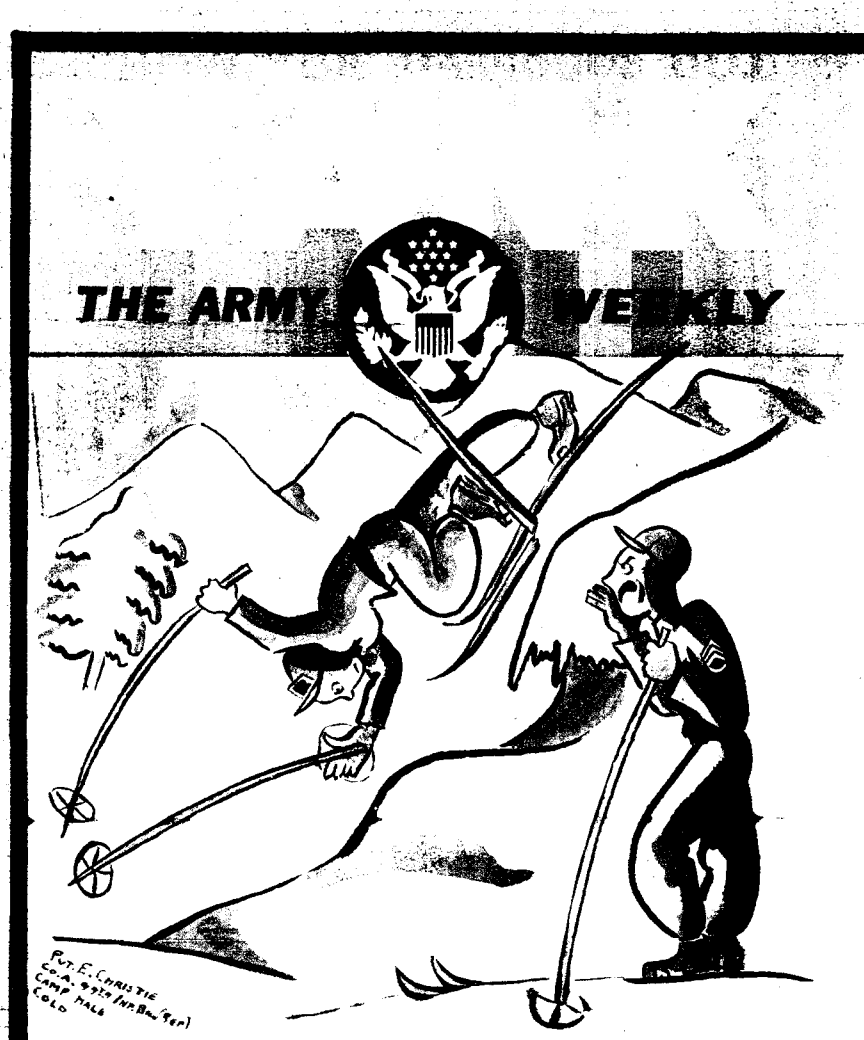

"NEVER MIND THE FANCY STUFF, OLSEN. I SAID 'BY THE NUMBERS.' "

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